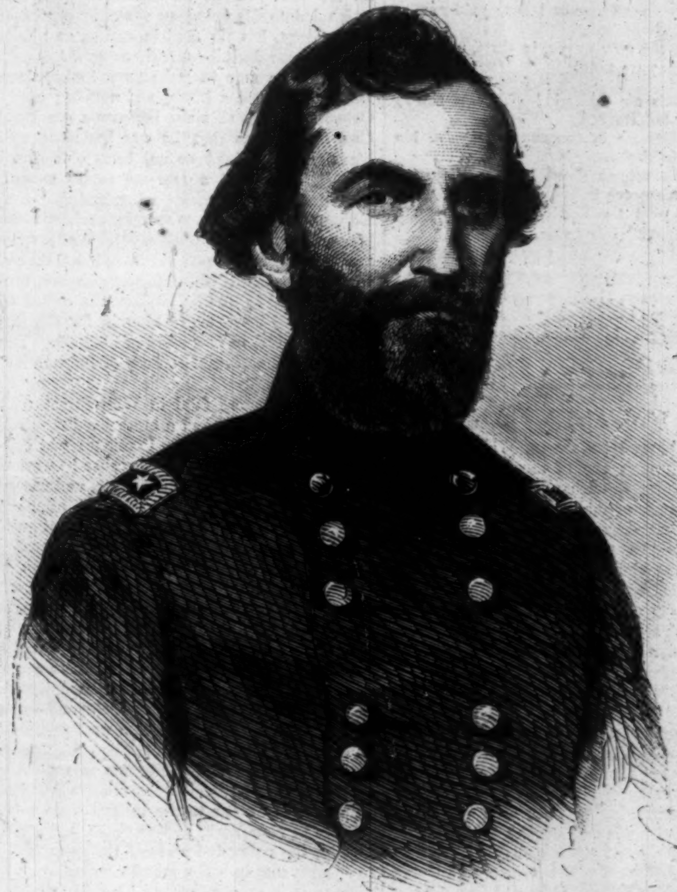
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

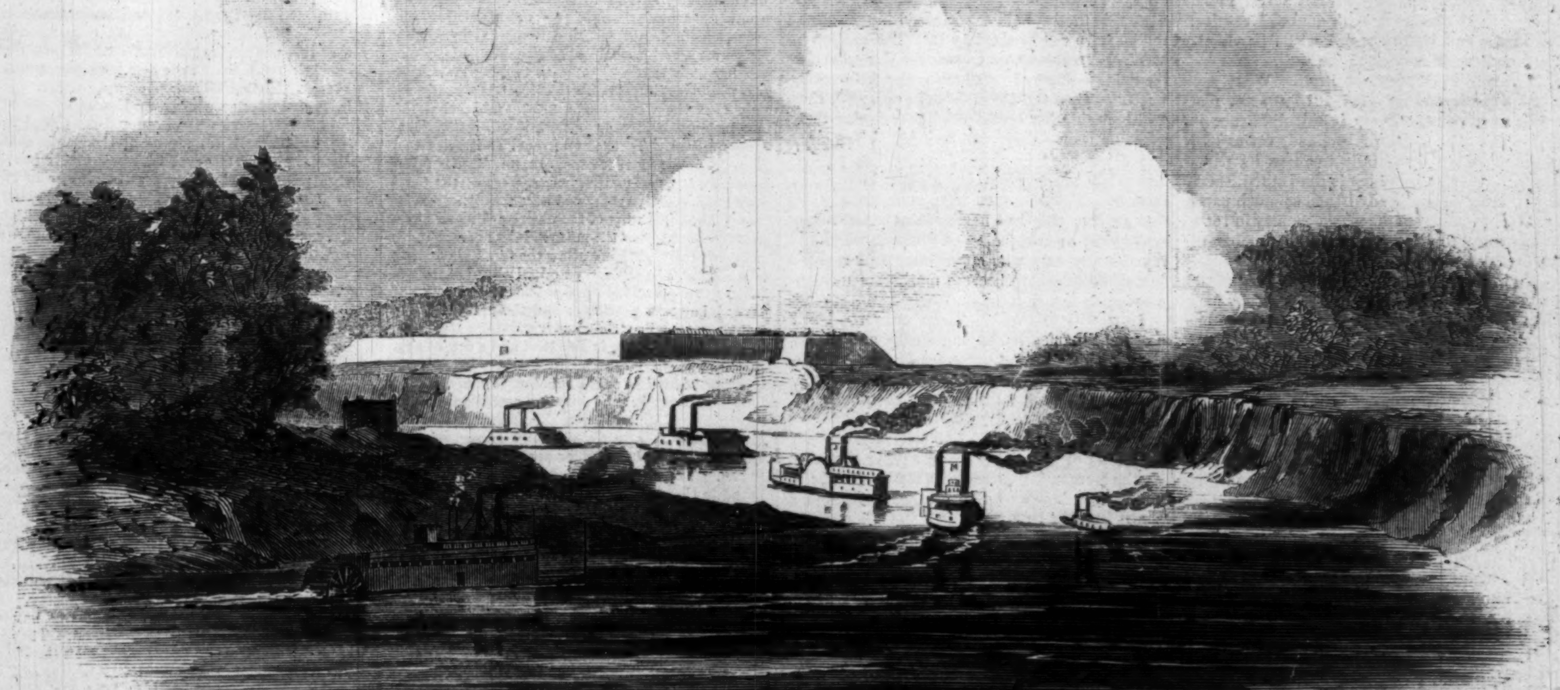
Vol. VII.—No. 319.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

REAR-ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER, COMMANDING MISSISSIPPI FLOTILLA.—[See Page 94.]



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. M'CLERNAND.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 94.]



BOMBARDMENT OF THE POST OF ARKANSAS, JANUARY 11, 1863.—Sketched on the Spot.—[See Page 94.]

LINES TU JEFF DAVIS.

"Our trials have been converted into *blessings*."—JEFF DAVIS'S *Message*.

So yu kaount *yure* trials blessins? Why thet's jest what we hev told yu!
Evry lickin gi'n a rebbel is a blessin in disgise.
Yu air sot up as a sort ov mark fur the wurld tu behold yu,
And ponder the reward ov those whu scoff et good advice.

When yu tore aour starry banner frum the flagstaff and the steeple,
And raised a pesky rebbel rag tu be a guide insted,
Did yu think yu'd meet no warfare frum the hands ov honest peeple?
Had yu no feer ov the livin? no thorts ov the pattriot dead?

Trials, hev yu? I shood like tu see yu git along withaout 'em!
They'll flock araound yure path es thick es 'skeeters flock in June.
Ef yu keep up yure present kourse yu'll nevver be withaout 'em;
They'll be the deth ov yu, in short, unless yu change yure tune!

Yis, yure trials *air* a blessin! Yu was rite in that, Jeff Davis,
But 't strikes me in annaouncin it yu've bin amazin slow.—
See Freedom's solgers shout hurrar whereso a traitor's grave is,
And yu'll find the North agreed with yu a long, long while ago!

CHARITY GRIMES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1863.

WALL STREET.

THAT famous mystic spot, Wall Street, is going through one of those fevers which render it so terribly enchanting to persons of a speculative turn of mind. Stocks have risen enormously within a month, and fortunes have been made and lost as if by enchantment. Gold has advanced twenty per cent. in a few weeks or days, and the hook-nosed, long-bearded *schpeculaders* in the commodity have swelled their leetle monish accordingly. 'Tis a period which occurs but once in a century—perhaps but once in a couple of centuries.

Alison tells us that when the Bank of England suspended specie payments at the close of the last century speculation received a tremendous impetus. The business of the London Stock Exchange quadrupled in extent, and rendered it necessary for the members to secure additional accommodation. Fortunes were made by magic, and lands and stocks changed hands as universally as if the kingdom had passed through a revolution. The Normans swooping down on the fair fields of Kent and Devonshire, grasping whatever suited them best, and driving the Anglo-Saxon boors out to work or starve, did not cause more extensive mutations in the ownership of property. Creditors were cheated, debtors were relieved. Bankrupt corporations once more raised their head, and saw their stock at a premium. The battle raged fiercely, and, to superficial observers, with doubtful results; but in the end victory rested with the debtor class, and creditors went to the wall.

History does but repeat itself. What England experienced in 1787-1815 we are now going to attempt. There is this difference in our case. The Bank of England, under suspension, did not materially increase its paper issues. Our Bank—which is the United States Government—has already issued as much paper as there was afloat in the whole country in 1860, and is going to issue an indefinite number of hundreds of millions more.

We are witnessing the commencement of the new era. Gold has risen to 155. Stocks have risen 100 @ 200 per cent. The broker class has doubled in numbers. Instead of one board we have two, and each transacts far more business than was ever done in old times on the legitimate stock exchange. Speculators in stocks have increased in the ratio of the square of the brokers. If the latter have doubled, the former have quadrupled. In this era of newspapers, railroads, and telegraphs, intelligence is transmitted rapidly throughout the country: our stock exchange represents not this city alone but the whole country.

One of the largest operators of the day lives in Wisconsin, and operates by telegraph. We deem him to be a quiet, thoughtful man, who never reads any thing in the papers except the facts, and religiously declines to notice editorial comments and opinions. He is one of the few men of the present day who do their own thinking. He does not live in a city, and probably hears few opinions on current events. Hence his views are based on pure theory, and though the accomplishment of his predictions may be delayed, it arrives, sooner or later, with the unerring certainty of fate. He began business (in stocks) with a cargo of corn as his capital; he has already realized over a quarter of a million dollars. For, you see, he has this advantage over city operators—that he is not swayed by the temporary and deceptive currents of Wall Street, arrives at his conclusions on abiding principles of political economy, and steadily adheres to them until they are realized.

Very different has been the course of our smart friend Whiskerandos. His misfortune has been that he knew too much. He had private advices from Mr. Seward that the "waning rebellion" would collapse in a few weeks, and operated accordingly. He was confidentially told by General Halleck that a million bales of cotton would be liberated by New Year, 1863, and sold gold short at 133 in enormous amounts. He was, from private friendship, allowed to know that old Jeremiah—the leading director of the great Painted Post Railway—was going to sell his stock, and he hastened to improve the information by putting out short contracts in Painted Post stock. What is the consequence? Whiskerandos is a bankrupt. He placed his trust in Seward, in Halleck, in our pious old friend Jeremiah, and the consequence is that all the money which he made last year, and which led to his being so generally envied in Wall Street, has vanished in smoke, and he is left a "lame duck." *O! si non norit!*

There is a man in "the street" who, three months ago, had a horse, and nothing more. Calumny alleges that the horse was spavined. One fellow hints that he was broken-winded likewise. Spavined or no, broken or sound winded, he proved a treasure to his master, who, desiring to purchase a hundred shares of Erie, put up the horse as margin, and deposited him at his broker's stable. The adventure proved profitable; was succeeded by others, equally successful: with increase of means, ventures increased; and so, at last, the owner of the spavined horse found himself, for the first time in his life, in possession of $20,000. You see, he had no private sources of information, and no sympathies.

Nothing is more fatal in Wall Street than sympathies. Jones had a brother a Brigadier-General in the Army of the Potomac: was consequently confident of victory because he wanted victory; operated on the confidence, and was so thoroughly used up in August, 1862, after the battles of the seven days—which were not quite so brilliant things in victories as he expected—that he was glad to enter the office of Smith as book-keeper. Smith was a man of a different stamp. His father, his brothers, and his cousins were in the rebel army. He had a sister who was a rebel in New York, an aunt who was a rebel at Philadelphia, and an uncle who was a rebel at Baltimore. The uncle communicated, by rebel post, with a relative at Richmond—sent him letters, pins, needles, opium, and quinine—and received intelligence in return—Smith paying the bills. This intelligence was quickly transmitted to the female rebel relative at Philadelphia, and by her to the other female rebel relative at New York, and so Smith had a monopoly, the possession whereof tempted him so to operate that in a few months he smashed to pieces. His sympathies and his private exclusive information always led him to expect that Stonewall Jackson would be in New York, or at least in Washington, on the Monday morning following; and, operating accordingly, he met his fate.

One remarkable fact about the late—or, perhaps, we should say the present—fever in Wall Street, is that the old experienced kings of that region have not profited by it. The patriarchs of Wall Street—whose experience dates back to the deluge—have always seen a rise followed by a fall. When the December rise occurred, they said to each other confidentially—wagging their wise old heads—there will be a fall in January! and acted accordingly. January has passed, and prices are considerably higher than in December. The wise men have gone home wiser and poorer; they had never seen a paper-money era before; and the fools—or, perhaps, we should say the new men who appreciated and realized the situation—have become mushroom millionaires.

How will this end? Echo answers—how? To make money by buying stocks and selling them at an advance corresponding to the depreciation of the currency is really not to make any money at all. Prices must eventually adjust themselves to the gold standard, and the "purchasing power" of $100 of paper-money with gold at par will ultimately prove the same as the purchasing power of $150 with gold at 150. The boy who thought he had made a sharp bargain by exchanging one $5 note for five $1 notes—his stock of paper having been quintupled—was not sillier than the Wall Street operators who fancy they are making money when they sell at 90 a stock they bought at 85, gold having, meantime, advanced ten per cent.

We must see, however, how the new financial scheme of Congress will affect Wall Street. That measure was designed to check speculation in gold and stocks, and was calculated to produce that end by creating a temporary stringency in the money market. If it succeeds, not a few of the *nouveaux riches* will realize the proverb about riches having wings. If the ingenuity of Congress can evade the inexorable law of political economy which declares that issues of irredeemable paper must cause that paper to depreciate steadily, and prices to advance in a corresponding ratio, a triumph of no mean import will have been won.

THE LOUNGER.

RUSSELL'S DIARY.

THE Diary of Mr. Russell, "our own" correspondent of the London *Times*, which is just republished by the Harpers, is not a reprint of his letters written in this country, but literally his diary, his daily comments upon men, scenes, and affairs, as he moved rapidly through the country. His shrewd and observing eye, trained by most various experience, and a pachydermatous organization, which is invaluable to a special newspaper correspondent, because it enables him to bear and to repeat many things which a more sensitive nature could not, have given us a book full of value to the historian of the war. His Irish blood keeps him in the best humor possible under the circumstances. He sees for himself, and although being a product of the civilization of Ireland, he clearly despises the civilization of America; and although having seen the humanity and justice and national right of the British Government in India and the Crimea, he is profoundly convinced of the absurdity of the American Government's effort to maintain its supremacy over its own domain, yet his book is sure, although not so intended, to reveal the real character of the rebellion, and so to attract the sympathy of all friends of civilization and human liberty to the cause of the United States.

Mr. Russell was unfortunate in his first impressions of the country, and he never recovered from their influence. Upon his arrival in New York he fell into the hands of certain persons who breakfasted him and dined him, who had wealth and a certain social position; some of whom were foreign born and others Americans "in theory." In seeing these persons he had a right to suppose that he saw a fair representation of the general sentiment of substantial and respectable Americans in regard to the situation of their country. Had he come to London when the integrity of the British empire was threatened by an insurrection in Wales, which put forth no other manifest than that the right of universal freebooting was in danger of suppression by law, and the progress of society and civilization, and had been invited to breakfast and dine with the magnates of Lombard Street and Cheapside, he would naturally have been confounded to hear that the country was gone to the deuce—that Lombardy and Cheapside could not think of allowing the authorities to maintain order—and that although every donkey in every rubbish cart in London had the right of kicking when a fly bit his leg, the Government of the British empire had no right and no power to lift a finger to save itself from destruction.

This was the airy doctrine which Mr. Russell heard in bewilderment from the persons who hastened to call upon him, and to feast him upon his arrival in America. He did not then understand it, but History will explain it. These persons almost, if not entirely, without exception had been the recent political allies of those who were beginning the war. During the Presidential canvass just ended they had given their money and devoted their influence to the support of their party friends, who openly threatened to destroy the government if they did not carry the election. It was not carried, and those friends began their war. It had not, when Mr. Russell arrived, yet come to actual battle. The hope of the Southern leaders and of their Northern friends was, as Mr. Hunter, Mr. Slidell, and Mr. Mason privately stated in Washington—a hope publicly supported by their organ in New York—that the revolution would be peaceably accomplished; that the Government would quietly succumb without a blow; and that a new government would be constructed from the ruins which should secure a perpetual immunity for slavery, and leave New England outside, or admit her as a single State with two Senators. It was of the last importance that Europe should suppose that the Government must yield; that the revolution was already in fact, if not yet in form, accomplished. To that end rebel emissaries had already poisoned the European mind with falsehood; and the official representatives of the Government virtually renounced it, and prophesied the inevitable dissolution of the existing Union. The point made was that the nature of the Federal bond, as it was called, did not allow the forcible coercion of a State. The sophistry and falsehood of the position were perceived by few Americans resident abroad, however patriotic; and the political argument went against the country, despite the noble efforts of Mr. Motley in England and a few others. But that there might be no doubt whatever remaining in foreign public opinion, it was essential that Mr. Russell, who was to speak to Europe through the London *Times*, should report that the revolution was already virtually successful, and had the assent of the better population of the free States. The allies of the conspiracy in the North hoped in this way to avoid two results—the appeal to force, in which case, as Mr. Barlow's letter to a Southern Senator, published last year, plainly shows, they were not so confident of the consent of the North to national ruin; and, secondly, the light that such an appeal must throw upon the real character of the Federal bond which they had so carefully misrepresented. These persons, therefore, took possession of Mr. Russell upon his arrival; reiterated the senseless doctrine of Mr. Buchanan's Message, that the Government had no right to save itself; and, says Mr. Russell, "although they admitted the Southern leaders had meditated 'the treason against the Union' years ago, they could not bring themselves to allow their old opponents, the Republicans, now in power, to dispose of the armed force of the Union against their brother Democrats in the Southern States."

These persons secured their point. Mr. Russell wrote that the Union was virtually dissolved. Europe sneered "Told you so!" and arrayed herself more confidently and contemptuously than ever against this country. It is a result which the country owes, in great part, to those who successfully labored to prove to a foreigner that their country had neither a decent perception of honor, nor manliness, nor common sense, nor knowledge of the nature of its own government. But certainly it is not surprising that those who worked with the Southern leaders, after their plain declarations during the canvass, should have both hoped and believed in the utter pusillanimity of their fellow-citizens. Nor is it wonderful that the same persons, whose idea of nationality was the support of an oligarchy, which then used them as tools, should now, under the plea of conservatism, counsel submission to that oligarchy in rebellion, which now spurns them as cowards.

The opening chapters of this book are thus full of humiliation and shame for every honorable and earnest American. Mr. Russell was compelled to accept the character and opinions of the clique into whose hands he fell as those of the Northern people. That there was a true-hearted, clear-headed, patriotic people in this country which would accept the war, endure all its necessary reverses in the beginning, lavish its blood and money, and wage the war until the aristocracy was overthrown and the Constitution maintained and perpetuated in its original spirit—how could the bewildered Irishman suspect in the soft drawing-rooms where pretty ladies lisped disdain of the howwid vulgar wail splitter, or in the profuse dining-rooms where, upon the very brink of a fearful civil war which must involve their lives and their fortunes, bankers and lawyers, "all men of position in New York society had the same dilettante tone, and were as little anxious for the future, or excited by the present, as a party of *savans* chronicling the movements of a magnetic storm." Taking them as the representatives of the American people, the correspondent of the *Times* justly inferred that the destruction of the Government was already accomplished, and that the great Republic was an ignominious and farcical failure.

From New York he moved southward to Washington, and pressed on to New Orleans. His description of the general condition of society in the States unhappily cursed by slavery agrees with that of every intelligent observer. He saw too many patrols and sentries to guard against slave risings; he heard too many curfews to warn the slaves home; he heard too much of the "happiest and most contented race in the world" not to know the truth. His account of the extreme luxury of the life of the great planters, and the utter squalor, misery, and barbarism of the rest of the population, is not new, but it will help open the eyes of thoughtful Europeans to the necessary state of a society which rests upon the glorious "corner-stone" of slavery. The London *Atheneum*, in alluding to this part of the book, remarks: "Deep drinking, swearing, incessant dueling, loud swagger concerning ancient pedigrees, are the ordinary characteristics of men whom it is the growing fashion of England to romance about as the descendants of the old English cavaliers. * * * Of New Orleans," continues the *Atheneum*, which has been bitterly hostile to us from the beginning, "Mr. Russell speaks in terms which lead us to believe that its present state, under the iron rule of General Butler, must be an improvement on its former condition. * * * Well may Mr. Russell exclaim, 'Shame and horror to a Christian land!' Such is the special correspondent's picture of the South—such his description of the Southerners whom Mr. Spence, a few months since, was painting as refined and chivalric gentlemen, anxious to till their ancestral acres in pastoral simplicity and be at peace with all the world."

Of course the reader will understand that Mr. Russell cordially dislikes us all, North and South. He believes that the Union is hopelessly severed, and that the free States will be greatly the gainers by the dissolution. But it is for his observation of life, not for his political speculations, that his book is valuable. It is also very instructive. It reveals the true character of men and parties. It helps us to decide who is and has been national in this country; who had been and are Conservative. It shows the oligarchy at the South politically claiming to be democratic and sighing for a foreign prince; and it exposes their allies at the North—with the affectations, but without the charater of an aristocracy—also professing a fellow-democracy, and spurning the Irish "mob of the city," upon whose votes they rely for political power. The book shows very clearly, but quite unconsciously, that the war is truly a struggle of right against privilege—of the many against the few—of man against men—of Liberty and the people against Slavery and an oligarchy.

THE NECESSITY OF SUCCESS.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—I have been pondering your last week's article upon 'Reaction.' I observe that you merely state facts, you do not express an opinion. Let me ask, then, whether you doubt the issue? Do you think the reaction will prevail?"

Certainly not. For the war is controlled by fundamental principles, chief of which is the character of the Saxon race. If that is modified by the large Celtic element, it is again reinforced by the German which, like the Saxon, is Teutonic. The tradition of that race is personal Liberty. It will have free tongues, free pens, and free hands. Against that instinct nothing can stand. Thus in England, when Charles I., in 1628, began the invasion of those rights, the civil war began, and it lasted for sixty years, until, in 1688, the Bill of Rights settled the question and gave peace to England. Meanwhile there were the wildest and most stupid reactions; but the course of civilization could not be withstood, and every thing was uncertain until the guarantees of those rights were secured.

Now in our own war it is clear that, if the rebels will yield to reunion at all, it will be only upon condition of the amplest security for the slave sys-

tem. It is equally clear that that system requires for its maintenance absolute silence. A free press, free discussion of the right and wrong, of the principle or the policy of slavery, is totally inconsistent with its existence. Free speech is to slavery what a spark is to gunpowder. Consequently the mouth, and, if possible, the mind must be muzzled in a society where the system prevails. The ready lynching, the mobbing, the hanging, and outlawing of anti-slavery men in the Southern States, is a logical necessity of their condition. The Planting Society is a pretty palace over a vault of powder, and whoever scratches a match is a deadly enemy. If, then, we are to reunite, it can only be upon condition that the discussion of this question shall be absolutely forbidden. But it is a question of personal Liberty—and its discussion, or the right of free speech, is the very fundamental right which is the security of peace in a political community of the Saxon race. You might as well hope to prevent the sun from rising as to deny the utmost freedom to the tongue of the free people of the free States of this Union. Nobody knows it better than Davis. He is perfectly honest in scorning Vallandigham's obsequious offers; for he is an older man and a wiser man than Vallandigham; and he is perfectly aware that, even if the attempt should be made to force a gag into the mouth of the North, the consequences would be annihilating to his cause.

Therefore faith in the national success is rooted immutably in human nature. Reactions, of whatever force or extent, are only ripples upon the surface of affairs. A necessity beyond its control urges the cause of the Union to victory—not this month, indeed, nor this year, necessarily, but none the less surely. Whatever means are essential to success the people will surely accept. There may be such fatigue of the stress of war, such mortification at apparent incompetency, such apprehension of enormous expense and possible commercial ruin, that for a time the basest demagogues, under a cry of peace and conciliation and conservatism, may influence an election and seem to control the country. But it will constantly more plainly appear that what is called Conservatism by the most unprincipled men, is but a smooth name for anarchy. Such events as attend the meeting of the Pennsylvania and New York Legislatures will be understood by thousands who, from various reasons, were deluded into voting with men whose only hope of personal advantage lies in the common ruin. Those who voted for "Conservative" candidates did not mean to vote for anarchy; and they will learn that, as peace is the first necessity of a truly conservative interest, whoever in war wishes for a speedy peace must use all warlike means to secure it or be destroyed.

A SIDE-LIGHT.

EVERY year there is published in Paris a work called "Annuaire des Deux Mondes," or a universal history of events for the past year. In the issue for the year 1861 the attentive reader will find an allusion to the visit of M. Mercier, the French Minister, to Richmond. M. Mercier, it will be remembered, is not a friend of the United States Government, but is a particular friend of the chief rebels:

"The French Minister, M. Mercier, in a rapid visit to Richmond, had not concealed from Mr. Jefferson Davis that the evacuation of the town would inflict the most fatal blow on the cause of the South in the opinion of Europe, which would look upon such a measure as an avowal of impotency. The Confederate Government understood the necessity of saving its capital at any price; and while it gave up the defense of the coast, and called in all the corps which could be brought by rail to Richmond, and even part of Beauregard's forces, the Confederate army, stopping its retreat, began to dispute the ground foot by foot with M'Clellan."

Should this extraordinary statement—which is intrinsically of the utmost probability—prove to be true, it is not a pleasing revelation. It is not Louis Napoleon's fault that his Minister at Washington was a boon companion of traitors. But it will certainly be the fault of our Government if a confidential adviser of the rebels is tolerated in an official position at the capital.

THE REBEL DISPATCHES.

THE intercepted correspondence of the rebel leaders with their emissaries in Europe, lately published, is very amusing, and shows several things.

First, that Louis Napoleon *may* have some designs upon Texas. But the French policy in regard to this continent is still merely subject of speculation.

Second, the correspondence shows conclusively that the blockade is as effective as any blockade ever instituted. It takes the dispatches of the rebel agents some seven months to come to hand, and the rebel Secretary of State naïvely mentions to one of his emissaries that his No. 2 has arrived, but that Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5, and 6 are still missing. The postal arrangements of the new nation do not seem to be quite perfect.

Third, the correspondence reveals the fact that Earl Russell is cold to the "Honorable" Mr. Mason of Virginia—who sat in the Senate of the United States pocketing the money of a Government against whose existence he was plotting. The Earl was so cold, indeed, that the "Honorable" Mr. Mason thought of withdrawing; but his confederates urge him to remain, and to continue to be snubbed, in the hope of helping to lay the corner-stone of the new nation.

Fourth, the correspondence discloses the interesting fact that when the Confederate emissary left Madrid, he put his books and papers in charge of the agent of the Rothschilds, showing the position which the great bankers compel their agents in every country to hold in regard to the rebellion, and, of course, indicating the kind of value which is to be placed upon the support given to treason by any such agents, whose birth, training, sympathies, and interests are entirely foreign.

Fifth, the correspondence informs us that Mr. James Spence, who has written a book in favor of the rebellion, which was for a long time the handbook of English information of American affairs, and who perpetually urges upon the British Government the recognition of the Confederacy, is a paid agent of the rebels.

Sixth, it shows that great efforts are making for the construction of a rebel fleet in English "neutral" ports.

There is also much highly-colored rhetoric from Mr. Benjamin about the success of the rebellion, and the sure overthrow of the Government, which is of equal value with the editorials in the rebel newspapers, all of which are supervised by trusty censors; and there is an extremely unpromising system of "cotton-certificates" developed by Mr. Memminger—a kind of painfully vague and operose promise to pay, as a basis for pecuniary loans. It is the latest effort to extract sunbeams from cucumbers.

Such a correspondence will not fail to make due impression upon the common-sense of the world. Read in the light of the acknowledged object of the rebellion, it can hardly give much comfort to the European friends of American anarchy; and published with the addition of Mr. Davis's speech in the Southwest, in which he calls Mr. Lincoln a baboon, it would be a striking memorial of the veracity and dignity of the "gentlemanly" Government of the Confederacy.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE man who moved an amendment injured his spine by the operation.

Leaves that are least becoming to a warrior's brows—leaves of absence.

The child who cried for an hour didn't get it!

A great game in a small compass—cricket on the hearth.

EXQUISITE. "Ah, doctaw, does the choleraw awfect the highaw awda?" asked an exquisite of a celebrated physician in New Orleans. "No," replied the doctor; "but it's death on fools, and you'd better leave the city immediately." The "fellaw" sloped.

What would be the difference between "Uncle Ned" and Louis Napoleon, in the event of a French revolution?—The first had no hair on the top of his crown, the place where hair ought to grow; and the other would have no crown on the top of his hair, the place where the crown ought to go.

"Who goes there?" said an Irish sentry of the British Legion at St. Sebastian. "A friend," was the reply. "Then stand where you are, for by the powers you're the first I've met with in this murtherin' country."

It is a pleasant old custom in Holland for young men, when crossing a bridge with young women, to exact toll from them in the shape of a kiss. Why are the girls not tolled so here?

The cries of the poor never enter into the ears of the covetous man; or, if they do, he has always one ear readier to let them out than the other to take them in.

What is the difference between an impoverished man and an easy bed?—One is *hard up*, the other *soft down*.

Debts are troublesome, but, as a general rule, they don't give half as much trouble to debtors as to creditors.

HOW TO MAKE AN APPLE TART.—Soak it in vinegar.

WANTED TO KNOW.—If a good view is to be had from the top of the morning? If the man who did not know what to do ever got a job?

A pail of milk often drinks as much water as a cow.

RIGID HONESTY.—Patrick O'Brien was one day strolling with a friend through a grave-yard, when his eye was arrested by an epitaph which shocked his sense of propriety and veracity. It ran thus:

"Weep not for me, my children dear:
I am not dead, but sleeping here."

"Well," said Paddy, "if *I* was dead, I would be honest enough to own it."

Sir Thomas Fitzgerald was famous for flogging, and had raised a regiment of pardoned peasantry in the Sister Kingdom, which he called "Ancient Irish." He and his corps were sent on foreign service. On his return he boasted frequently of their bravery, and that no other troops were so forward to face the enemy. "No wonder," said one of his friends; "thanks to your flogging, they were ashamed to show their backs."

WITTY REVENGE.—A story is told of the revenge taken by a Nantucket ship-master against a United States Consul, who was very rarely to be found in his office, although upon his sign were the words, "In from ten to one." The indignant captain, after trying to find the consul several days without success, took a paint brush and altered the official's sign, so that it read, "*Ten to one* he is not in."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Wednesday, January 21, in the Senate, the credentials of James W. Wall, elected from New Jersey to fill the unexpired term of the late John R. Thomson, were presented, and Mr. Wall was qualified and took his seat. The credentials of Charles Sumner, re-elected from Massachusetts for six years from the 4th of March next, were also presented. The bill reorganizing the Court of Claims was then taken up, and a long debate ensued on the subject of the delay in the payment of the soldiers. Finally the provision for two additional Judges of the Court was struck out, some other amendments were agreed to, and the bill passed. Senator Hale offered a resolution which was laid over, that Cornelius Vanderbilt, Commodore Van Brunt, and Charles H. Haswell, who fitted out the transports of the Banks expedition, are guilty of negligence in the discharge of the duty assigned them, and that the commission extorted by F. J. Southard was an express violation of the agreement made by him, and should at once be refunded to the Government. The Senate then adjourned.——In the House, the vote on the resolution adopted on 20th, declaring General Vandever, of Iowa, not entitled to his seat, owing to his having accepted a military commission, was reconsidered, and, after a long discussion, the subject was laid aside till the 3d of March next. The House concurred in the Senate's amendments to the West Point Academy Appropriation bill. The remainder of the session was devoted to general debate on national topics.

On Thursday, 22d, in the Senate, the credentials of Hon. David Turpie, elected Senator from Indiana, were presented. Petitions from the daughters and sisters of Commodore Renshaw and Commander Wainwright respectively, both of whom were killed at Galveston, asking for pensions, were presented and referred. A resolution directing inquiry as to the expediency of publishing monthly the names of all officers of the army who are absent on leave was adopted. The [illegible] of annulling treaties with the Sioux Indians and [illegible]ding relief to the sufferers by the Indian outrages in Minnesota, was debated and laid aside. The bill reimbursing Minnesota for Indian war expenses was passed. The bill to provide greater comfort for sick and wounded soldiers, and promote the efficiency of the medical department, was then taken up. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a bill providing for a Deputy Register of the Treasury, at $2500 per annum, and extending for two years the terms of office of Assistant Secretaries of War, was passed. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the bill providing ways and means for the support of the Government. A number of important amendments were adopted.

On Friday, 23d, in the Senate, the Vice-President filled vacancies in standing committees as follows: Senator Hicks, of Maryland, was placed on the Foreign Relations Committee; Senator Arnold, of Rhode Island, on the Naval Committee; and Senator Turpie, of Indiana, on the Public Lands and Claims Committee. A resolution was adopted instructing the Military Committee to inquire into the condition and treatment of the soldiers in the Convalescent Camp at Alexandria, Virginia. Resolutions were also adopted inquiring of the Secretary of War whether more major and brigadier generals have been appointed than authorized by law, and requesting information of the Secretary of the Treasury as to the amount of revenue, if any, that has accrued to the Government from the duty on printing paper under the act of March 2, 1861, and whether, in his opinion, the reduction of the duty would not increase the revenue. A resolution was introduced, and laid over, instructing the Military Committee to inquire whether any plans which General Burnside may have formed since the battle of Fredericksburg have been interfered with by subordinate generals, and, if so, by what authority. The bill to promote the efficiency of the medical department of the army was taken up, discussed, amended, and passed. The bill for increasing the working force in the Quartermaster-General's office, was taken up and a discussion of its merits entered upon, without concluding which the Senate adjourned.——The House, immediately after assembling, went into Committee of the Whole, and resumed the consideration of the bill to provide ways and means for the support of Government. The section of the Ways and Means Committee's bill taxing banks was discussed at considerable length, and afterward Mr. Hooper's substitute bill, which was drawn up mainly in accordance with the views of Mr. Secretary Chase, was taken up, discussed, and rejected by 81 yeas to 79 nays. During the discussion of the bill of the Ways and Means Committee, a long discussion on the negro question was indulged in, growing out of an amendment which was offered, but rejected, to the effect that none of the money raised by the bill should be used for the purpose of emancipating or arming slaves. The bill of Mr. Stevens was afterward taken up and considered, when the committee rose, and the House adjourned to Monday.

On Saturday, 24th, in the Senate, the resolution directing the Secretary of the Navy not to accept the title to League Island, near Philadelphia, for a navy-yard and naval dépôt, unless Congress shall further direct, was called up and discussed for some time, and finally adopted. The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill was reported back from the Finance Committee. A resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for information in reference to the collection of direct taxes in the district of South Carolina, under the auspices of the commissioner appointed to superintend the matter. A bill to establish the gauge of the Pacific Railroad and its branches was introduced and referred to a select committee.——The House was not in session.

On Monday, 26th, in the Senate, a bill for the organization of a volunteer militia force, to be called the National Guard of the United States, was introduced and referred to the Military Committee. The bill for the better protection of overland emigrants to the Pacific States and Territories was passed. A bill to provide for a national currency, to be secured by the pledge of United States stocks, was introduced and referred to the Finance Committee. The bill to suspend the sales of lands on the coasts of South Carolina and Georgia was passed. A communication was presented from laborers in England, returning thanks for donations of provisions from the United States, and expressing the desire that means may be provided for their emigration hither. The Vice-President said that the uniform practice had been not to receive communications from foreigners. A bill to facilitate the transportation of troops and war munitions, and to afford additional commercial facilities to the West, was introduced; also one for the enlargement of the canals, and the improvement of the navigation of the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers, which was referred to the Military Committee. The resolution instructing the Military Committee to inquire whether the plans of General Burnside have been interfered with by subordinate officers was called up and adopted. The Senate then considered the bill to abrogate the treaties with the Sioux of Minnesota, and to indemnify citizens of that State for losses incurred by the recent Indian outrages. The bill, after being somewhat amended, was passed.——In the House, Mr. Indoc, of Wisconsin, appeared and was sworn in as the successor of the late Hon. Luther Hanchett. Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, reported a bill authorizing the President to raise and equip for five years' service 150,000 negro soldiers. The consideration of the bill was postponed. A resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Military Affairs to inquire into the expediency of the President being authorized to accept for three years' service any companies of soldiery that may offer, without limitation as to number. The Senate bill making Ohio and Michigan the seventh judicial district, and Illinois, Indiana, and Wisconsin the eighth, was passed. The House then went into Committee of the Whole, and took up the Finance bill. Mr. Stevens's substitute was considered, and rejected. The amendment to tax bank circulation, previously defeated, was again offered and voted down. Other amendments were proposed and rejected, when the committee rose and reported to the House the Ways and Means Committee's bill, as amended. The greater number of the amendments of the Committee of the Whole were agreed to by the House. Some were reserved for a separate vote, among which was that permitting the Secretary of the Treasury to dispose of the bonds on such terms as he may deem advisable. The amendment taxing the aggregate of bank deposits was disagreed to. The bill, as amended, was passed without a division.

On Tuesday, 27th, in the Senate, a resolution was adopted directing the Military Committee to inquire into the expediency of authorizing the President to offer the volunteers now in the service such bounty as he may deem necessary to secure their re-enlistment; also into the expediency of authorizing the President to offer such bounty for the re-enlistment of such volunteers for one year, or a longer time; also into the expediency of providing by law for three months' volunteers, either by enlistment or draft. A motion to take up the resolution calling for the documents in the case of General Fitz John Porter was briefly discussed, and finally disagreed to by a vote of 18 against 22. The bill for the indemnification of the President and other persons for suspending the writ of *habeas corpus* and acts done in pursuance thereof was called up, and an exciting debate ensued. Senator Saulsbury denounced the President by name as an imbecile, and was very violent in his demeanor. He was called to order, and finally placed in custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms. An amendment to make the provisions of the bill apply to criminal as well as to civil cases was adopted—27 against 15—and the bill passed by a vote of 33 against 7.——In the House, the Senate bill providing for the pay of certain persons over forty-five years of age who have entered the army, was considered. An amendment was offered increasing the pay of soldiers two dollars per month, and giving those who may be honorably discharged before the expiration of their term of service a proportionate amount of bounty, and the bill was then recommitted to the Military Committee. In Committee of the Whole Messrs. Conway of Kansas, and Shellabarger of Ohio, delivered interesting speeches on national topics, and the committee rose. Mr. Stevens offered a substitute for his bill authorizing the employment of negroes as soldiers, and Mr. Hickman offered another substitute, authorizing the equipment of three hundred regiments of blacks, to serve for seven years unless sooner discharged. It also proposes a line of steamers for the deportation of emancipated slaves to Liberia. Without taking action on the subject the House adjourned.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

On 26th January Major-General Burnside turned over the command of the Army of the Potomac to Major-General Joe Hooker, who came to the head-quarters of the camp for that purpose. As soon as the change became known throughout the army a considerable number of the superior officers called on General Burnside and took their parting leave of him with many regrets.

It is understood that Major-General Sumner and Major-General Franklin have also been relieved of their commands—the right and left grand divisions of the Army of the Potomac; but the names of their successors have not yet been divulged.

BURNSIDE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

The following is the address of General Burnside to the army:

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, *January* 26, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS—No. 9.

By direction of the President of the United States, the Commanding General this day transfers the command of this army to Major-General Joseph Hooker.

The short time that he has directed your movements has not been fruitful of victory nor any considerable advancement of our line; but it has again demonstrated an amount of courage, patience, and endurance that, under more favorable circumstances, would have accomplished great results.

Continue to exercise these virtues, be true in your devotion to your country and the principles you have sworn to maintain, give to the brave and skillful General who has long been identified with your organization, and who is now to command you, your full and cordial support and co-operation, and you will deserve success.

Your General, in taking an affectionate leave of the army, from which he separates with so much regret, may be pardoned if he bids an especial farewell to his long and tried associates of the Ninth corps. His prayers are that God may be with you and grant you continual success until the rebellion is crushed. By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL BURNSIDE.

LEWIS RICHMOND, Acting Adjutant-General.

HOOKER'S ADDRESS TO THE ARMY.

The following order has just been published to the army:

GENERAL ORDERS—No. 1.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, *Jan.* 26, 1863.

By direction of the President of the United States, the undersigned assumes command of the Army of the Potomac.

He enters upon the discharge of the duties imposed by this trust with a just appreciation of their responsibility.

Since the formation of this army he has been identified with its history. He has shared with you its glories and its reverses, with no other desire than that these relations might remain unchanged until its destiny should be accomplished.

In the record of your achievements there is much to be proud of, and with the blessing of God we will contribute something to the renown of our arms and the success of our cause.

To secure these ends your commander will require the cheerful and zealous co-operation of every officer and soldier in this army.

In equipment, intelligence, and valor the enemy is our inferior. Let us never hesitate to give him battle wherever we can find him.

The undersigned only gives expression to the feelings of this army when he conveys to our late commander, Major-General Burnside, the most cordial good wishes for his future.

My staff will be announced as soon as organized.

JOSEPH HOOKER,
Major-General, Commanding Army of the Potomac.

MORE VICTORIES IN ARKANSAS.

The Union expedition on the White River has met with a brilliant success. Admiral Porter telegraphs from Memphis that on the 20th inst. he had taken the three rebel forts, St. Charles, Duval's Bluff, and Des Arc. He says: "The light draughts are over three hundred miles above the mouth of the White River. The *DeKalb*, Lieutenant Commander Walker, captured at Duval's Bluff two 8-inch guns, with carriages, ammunition, etc.; two hundred field rifles, and three platform cars, and at Des Arc we captured thirty-nine prisoners and a quantity of arms and ammunition."

REBEL PRISONERS CAPTURED.

Among the prisoners captured at Arkansas Post were one general, ten colonels, ten lieutenant-colonels, ten majors, one hundred captains, nearly two hundred lieutenants, and a lot of adjutants, quarter-masters, surgeons, and staff officers. Jeff Davis will probably now be willing to exchange, instead of putting in force the threats contained in his proclamation.

ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORK ASSEMBLY.

In the Assembly the long, angry, and tempestuous struggle for the Speakership was on 26th, after three weeks' continuance, brought to a termination. On assembling a proposition was made by a Democratic member to elect a Speaker and a Clerk together, by *viva voce* vote; but after considerable discussion this proposal was overruled, and the House proceeded to ballot for a Speaker, when Mr. Callicot, the candidate of the Republicans, received 61 votes, and Mr. Trimmer, Democrat, 59. Mr. Callicot was therefore declared elected presiding officer of the present Assembly. This was the ninety-third balloting in all since the House has been in session, which is just three weeks. Mr. Callicot was conducted to the chair, and made an address, thanking the members for the honor conferred.

A FEDERAL GUN-BOAT SUNK.

A rebel steamer, supposed to be the *Alabama*, the *Oreto*, or the *Harriet Lane*—which of the three it is hardly possible to decide—came into collision off Galveston with the United States gun-boat *Hatteras*, which attempted to stop the pirate, and sunk her by a heavy fire. The *Brooklyn* and *Sciota*, upon hearing the firing, went to the relief of the *Hatteras*, but only in time to pick up a boat's crew, and discover that the *Hatteras* was sunk in nine fathoms of water. The pirate represented himself to be the British war steamer *Spitfire*, and while being boarded from the *Hatteras* poured a tremendous fire into her, with the fatal results above recorded.

ESCAPE OF THE "ORETO."

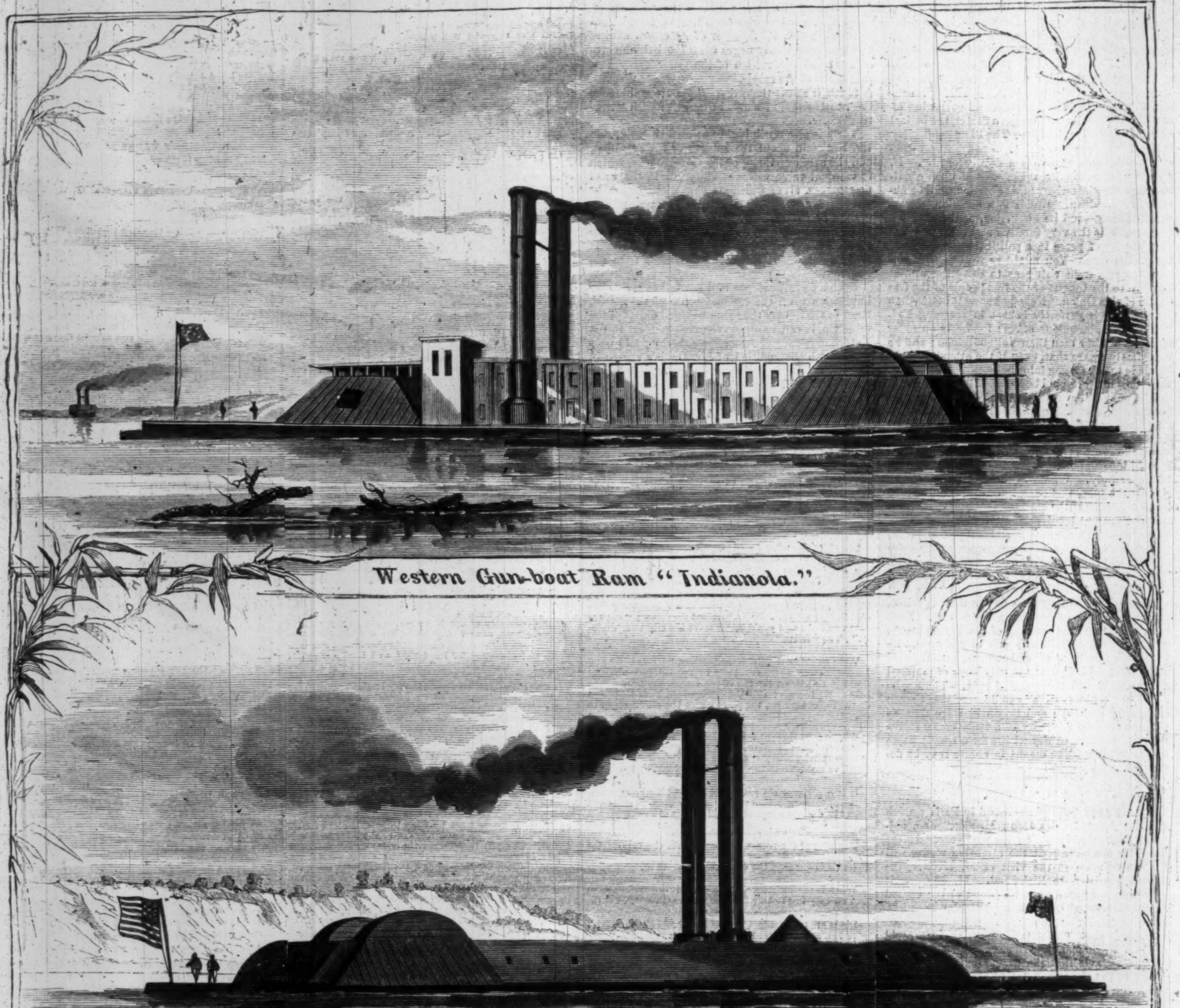
We learn of the escape of the rebel steamer *Oreto* from Mobile, notwithstanding the vigilance of the blockaders. She is reported to have reached Havana with upward of a thousand bales of cotton on board, and having encountered and sunk a Boston brig, name unknown, on the way.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

IN the course of his speech to the Legislature the Emperor said: "To reduce our expenses, the army and navy estimates have been considerably diminished. The floating debt has been reduced, and by the success achieved by the conversion of the rentes a great step has been taken toward the settlement [unification] of that debt. The indirect revenues show a continual increase, from the simple fact of the general increase of prosperity; and the condition of the empire would be flourishing if the war in America had not dried up one of the most fruitful sources of our industry. The forced stagnation of labor has caused in many districts an amount of destitution which deserves all our solicitude, and a grant will be asked from you for the support of those who with resignation submit to the effects of a misfortune which it is not in our power to put a stop to. Nevertheless, I have made the attempt to send beyond the Atlantic advices inspired by a sincere sympathy; but the great maritime Powers not having thought it advisable as yet to act in concert with me, I have been obliged to postpone to a more suitable opportunity the offer of mediation, the object of which was to stop the effusion of blood, and to prevent the exhaustion of a country the future of which can not be looked upon with indifference."

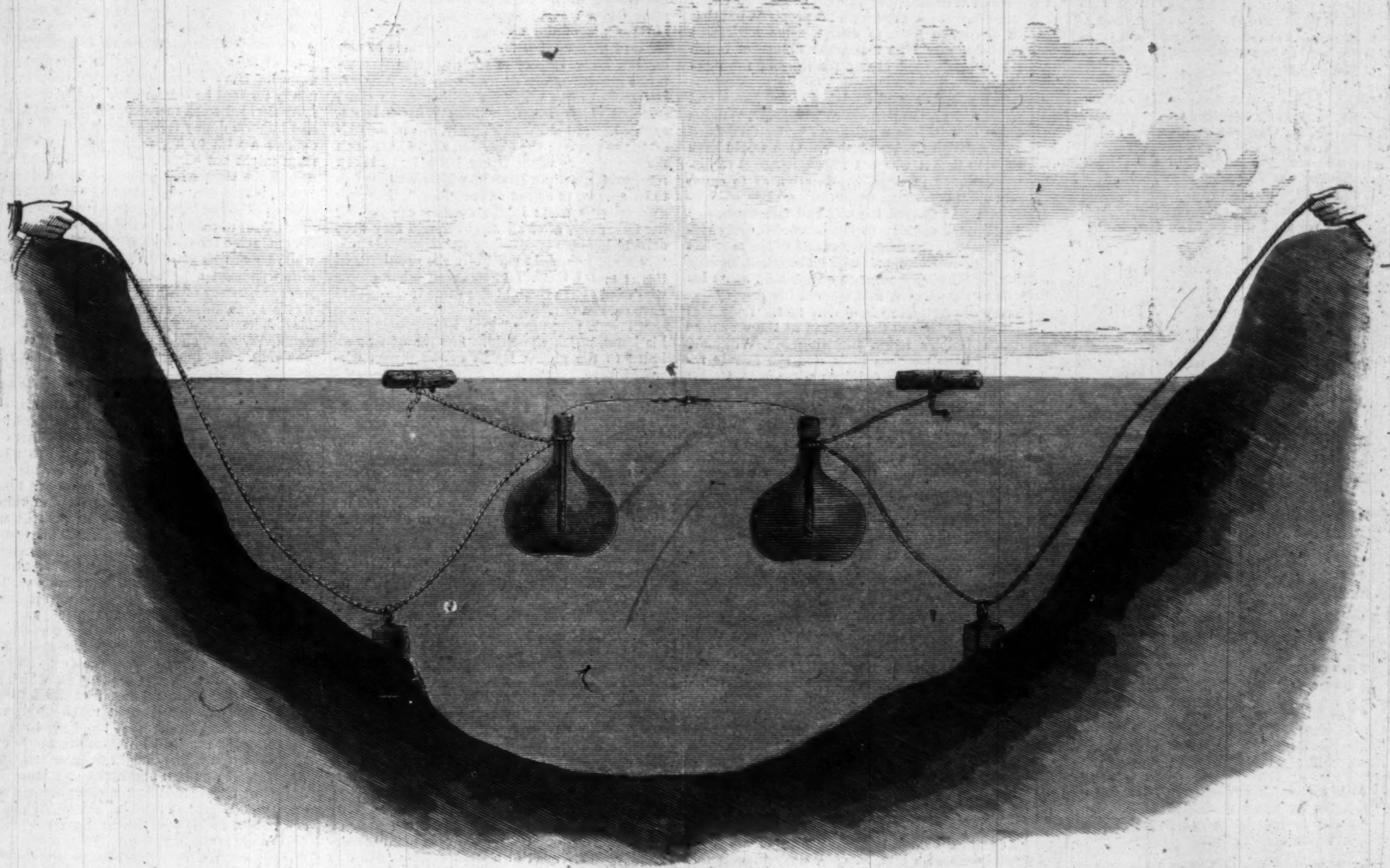


Western Gun-boat Ram "Indianola."

Western Iron-clad Gun-boat Ram "Choctaw."

Western Iron-clad Gun-boat Ram "Lafayette."

OUR NEW WESTERN GUN-BOATS.—[FROM SKETCHES BY AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



TORPEDO IN THE WESTERN RIVERS.—SKETCHED BY A NAVAL OFFICER.—[SEE PAGE 95.]

THE NEW WESTERN GUN-BOATS.

WE publish on page 84 portraits of three of the NEW WESTERN GUN-BOATS, which will shortly be heard from. They will form part of Commodore Porter's flotilla. The following descriptions will explain the pictures:

"INDIANOLA."

The *Indianola*, Lieutenant Commander George Brown, is a vessel of the following dimensions: Length, 170 feet; beam, 60 feet; depth of hold, 7 feet; and will draw when ready for action about six feet of water. She is propelled by four independent engines, two attached to the wheels and two to the propellers. She has four high-pressure boilers, and, with this great steaming power, it is expected that she will run against the current about thirteen miles per hour. She is covered with two-inch rolled plates. She has one stationary turret with sloping sides. She carries two 11-inch Dahlgren guns in the turret, and several 24-pounder guns in broadside. She has also a powerful ram; and with her great power she will no doubt prove a very destructive boat among the rebel craft.

"CHOCTAW."

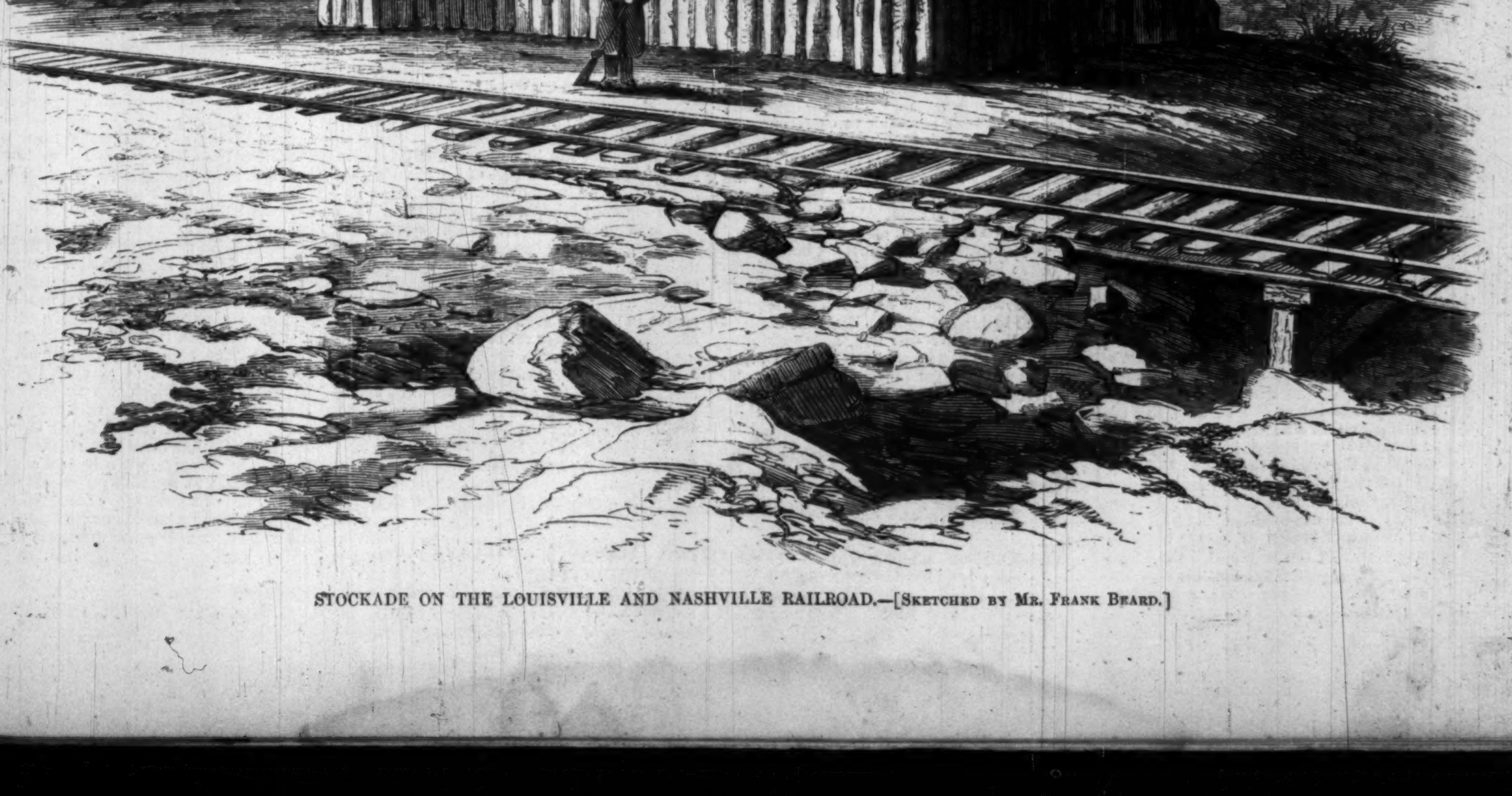
The *Choctaw* is another vessel of the ram class, with a turret on the bow, and a few broadside guns at the stern of the vessel. She is more extensively mailed than the *Indianola*, but in other respects she is not far from being identical with her.

"LAFAYETTE" OR "FORT HENRY."

The *Fort Henry* is a ram vessel without a turret, having instead a heavy casemate forward, in which are six 11-inch guns. She has great power and speed. She was built from plans furnished by Commodore W. D. Porter, United States Navy, and was known as the *Fort Henry*.

STOCKADE ON THE LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD.

ON this page we reproduce a sketch sent us by our special artist, in Tennessee, Mr. Frank Beard, representing one of the numerous STOCKADES erected on the line of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad for the protection of the track. Every bridge of consequence is guarded by one of these stockades, and most of the stations likewise. Garrisoned by a few disciplined troops, these stockades can resist the attack of a very large force indeed. What a picture of grim war these stockades conjure up!



STOCKADE ON THE LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD.—[SKETCHED BY MR. FRANK BEARD.]

AT FREDERICKSBURG.

It was just before the last fierce charge,
When two soldiers drew their rein,
For a parting word and a touch of hands—
They might never meet again.

One had blue eyes and clustering curls—
Nineteen but a month ago—
Down on his chin, red on his cheek:
He was only a boy, you know.

The other was dark, and stern, and proud;
If his faith in the world was dim,
He only trusted the more in those
Who were all the world to him.

They had ridden together in many a raid,
They had marched for many a mile,
And ever till now they had met the foe
With a calm and hopeful smile.

But now they looked in each other's eyes
With an awful ghastly gloom,
And the tall dark man was the first to speak:
"Charlie, my hour has come.

"We shall ride together up the hill,
And you will ride back alone;
Promise a little trouble to take
For me when I am gone.

"You will find a face upon my breast—
I shall wear it into the fight—
With soft blue eyes, and sunny curls,
And a smile like morning light.

"Like morning light was her love to me;
It gladdened a lonely life,
And little I cared for the frowns of fate
When she promised to be my wife.

"Write to her, Charlie, when I am gone,
And send back the fair, fond face;
Tell her tenderly how I died,
And where is my resting-place.

"Tell her my soul will wait for hers,
In the border-land between
The earth and heaven, until she comes:
It will not be long, I ween."

Tears dimmed the blue eyes of the boy—
His voice was low with pain:
"I will do your bidding, comrade mine,
If I ride back again.

"But if you come back, and I am dead,
You must do as much for me:
My mother at home must hear the news—
Oh, write to her tenderly.

"One after another those she loved
She has buried, husband and son;
I was the last. When my country called,
She kissed me and sent me on.

"She has prayed at home, like a waiting saint,
With her fond face white with woe:
Her heart will be broken when I am gone:
I shall see her soon, I know."

Just then the order came to charge—
For an instant hand touched hand,
Eye answered eye; then on they rushed,
That brave, devoted band.

Straight they went toward the crest of the hill,
And the rebels with shot and shell
Plowed rifts of death through their toiling ranks,
And jeered them as they fell.

They turned with a horrible dying yell
From the heights they could not gain,
And the few whom death and doom had spared
Went slowly back again.

But among the dead whom they left behind
Was the boy with his curling hair,
And the stern dark man who marched by his side
Lay dead beside him there.

There is no one to write to the blue-eyed girl
The words that her lover said;
And the mother who waits for her boy at home
Will but hear that he is dead,

And never can know the last fond thought
That sought to soften her pain,
Until she crosses the River of Death,
And stands by his side again.

L. C. M.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

By the Author of "Mary Barton," etc.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER V.

A few days afterward Ellinor's father bethought himself that some further communication ought to take place between himself and his daughter's lover on the subject of the approval of the family of the latter to the young man's engagement, and he accordingly wrote a very gentlemanly letter, saying that of course he trusted that Ralph had informed his own father of his engagement; that Mr. Corbet was well known to Mr. Wilkins by reputation, holding the position he did in Shropshire, but that as Mr. Wilkins did not pretend to be in the same station of life, Mr. Corbet might possibly never even have heard of his name, although in his own county it was well known as having been for generations that of the principal conveyancer and land-agent of ——shire; that his wife had been a member of the old knightly family of Holsters, and that he himself was descended from a younger branch of the South Wales De Wintons or Wilkins; that Ellinor, as his only child, would naturally inherit all his property, but that in the mean time, of course, some settlement upon her would be made, the nature of which might be decided nearer the time of the marriage.

It was a very good straightforward letter, and well fitted for the purpose to which Mr. Wilkins knew it would be applied—of being forwarded to Mr. Ralph Corbet's father. One would have thought that it was not an engagement so disproportioned in equality of station as to cause any great opposition on that score; but, unluckily, Captain Corbet, the heir and eldest son, had just formed a similar engagement with Lady Maria Brabant, the daughter of one of the proudest earls in ——shire, one who had always resented Mr. Wilkins's appearance on the field as an insult to the county, and ignored his presence at every dinner-table where they met. Lady Maria was staying at the Corbets at the very time when Ralph's letter, inclosing Mr. Wilkins's, reached the paternal halls, and she merely repeated her father's opinions when Mrs. Corbet and her daughters naturally questioned her as to who these Wilkinses were; they remembered the name in Ralph's letters formerly; the father was some friend of Mr. Ness's, the clergyman with whom Ralph had read; they believed Ralph used to dine with these Wilkinses sometimes along with Mr. Ness.

Lady Maria was a good-natured girl, and meant no harm in repeating her father's words, touched up, it is true, by some of the dislike she herself felt to the intimate alliance proposed, which would make her sister-in-law to the daughter of an "upstart attorney," "not received in the county," "always trying to push his way into the set above him," "claiming connection with the De Wintons of —— Castle, who, as she well knew, only laughed when he was spoken of, and said they were more rich in relations than they were aware of"—"not people papa would ever like her to know, whatever might be the family connection."

These little speeches told in a way the girl who uttered them did not intend they should. Mrs. Corbet and her daughters set themselves violently against this foolish entanglement of Ralph's; they would not call it an engagement. They argued, and they urged, and they pleaded, till the squire, anxious for peace at any price, and always more under the sway of the people who were with him, however unreasonable they might be, rather than of the absent, even though the latter had the wisdom of Solomon or the prudence and sagacity of his son Ralph, wrote an angry letter, saying that, as Ralph was of age, of course he had a right to please himself, therefore all his father could say was that the engagement was not at all what either he or Ralph's mother had expected or hoped; that it was a degradation to the family just going to ally themselves with a peer of James the First's creation; that, of course, Ralph must do what he liked, but that if he married this girl he must never expect to have her received by the Corbets of Corbet Hall as a daughter. The squire was rather satisfied with his production, and took it to show it to his wife; but she did not think it was strong enough, and added a little postscript:

"Dear Ralph,—Though, as second son, you are entitled to Bromley at my death, yet I can do much to make the estate worthless. Hitherto regard for you has prevented my taking steps as to sale of timber, etc., which would materially increase your sister's portions; this just measure I shall infallibly take if I find you persevere in keeping to this silly engagement. Your father's disapproval is always a sufficient reason to allege."

Ralph was annoyed at the receipt of these letters, though he only smiled as he locked them up in his desk.

"Dear old father! how he blusters! As to my mother, she is reasonable when I talk to her. Once give her a definite idea of what Ellinor's fortune will be, and let her, if she chooses, cut down her timber—a threat she has held over me ever since I knew what a rocking-horse was, and which I have known to be illegal these ten years past—and she'll come round. I know better than they do how Reginald has run up post-obits, and as for that vulgar high-born Lady Maria they are all so full of, why she is a Flanders mare to my Ellinor, and has not a silver penny to cross herself with, besides! I bide my time, you dear good people!"

He did not think it necessary to reply to these letters immediately, nor did he even allude to their contents in his to Ellinor. Mr. Wilkins, who had been very well satisfied with his own letter to the young man, and had thought that it must be equally agreeable to every one, was not at all suspicious of any disapproval because the fact of a distinct sanction on the part of Mr. Ralph Corbet's friends to his engagement was not communicated to him.

As for Ellinor, she trembled all over with happiness. Such a summer for the blossoming of flowers and ripening of fruit had not been known for years; it seemed to her as if bountiful loving Nature wanted to fill the cup of Ellinor's joy to overflowing, and as if every thing, animate and inanimate, sympathized with her happiness. Her father was well, and apparently content. Miss Monro was very kind. Dixon's lameness was quite gone off. Only Mr. Dunster came creeping about the house, on pretense of business, seeking out her father, and disturbing all his leisure with his dust-colored parchment-skinned careworn face, and seeming to disturb the smooth current of her daily life whenever she saw him.

Ellinor made her appearance at the Hamley assemblies, but with less éclat than either her father or her lover expected. Her beauty and natural grace were admired by those who could discriminate; but to the greater number there was (what they called) "a want of style"—want of elegance there certainly was not, for her figure was perfect, and though she moved shyly, she moved well. Perhaps it was not a good place for a correct appreciation of Miss Wilkins; some of the old dowagers thought it a piece of presumption for her to be there at all; but the Lady Holster of the day (who remembered her husband's quarrel with Mr. Wilkins, and looked away whenever Ellinor came near) resented this opinion. "Miss Wilkins is descended from Sir Frank's family, one of the oldest in the county; the objection might have been made years ago to the father, but as he had been received she did not know why Miss Wilkins was to be alluded to as out of her place." Ellinor's greatest enjoyment in the evening was to hear her father say, after all was over, and they were driving home,

"Well, I thought my Nelly the prettiest girl there; and I think I know some other people who would have thought the same if they could have spoken out."

"Thank you, papa," said Ellinor, squeezing his hand, which she held. She thought he alluded to the absent Ralph as the person who would have agreed with him had he had the opportunity of seeing her; but no, he seldom thought much of the absent, but had been rather flattered by seeing Lord Hildebrand take up his glass for the apparent purpose of watching Ellinor.

"Your pearls, too, were as handsome as any in the room, child; but we must have them reset; the sprays are old-fashioned now. Let me have them to-morrow to send up to Hancock."

"Papa, please, I had rather keep them as they are—as mamma wore them."

He was touched in a minute.

"Very well, darling. God bless you for thinking of it."

But he ordered her a set of sapphires instead, for the next assembly.

These balls were not such as to intoxicate Ellinor with success, and make her in love with gayety. Large parties came from the different country-houses in the neighborhood and danced with each other. When they had exhausted the resources they brought with them they had generally a few dances to spare for the friends of the same standing with whom they were the most intimate. Ellinor, coming with her father, and joining an old card-playing dowager by way of a chaperon—the said dowager being under old business obligations to the firm of Wilkins and Son, and apologizing to all her acquaintances for her own weak condescension to Mr. Wilkins's foible in wishing to introduce his daughter into society above her natural sphere. It was upon this lady, after she had uttered some such speech as this I have just mentioned, that Lady Holster had come down with the pedigree of Ellinor's mother. But though the old dowager had drawn back, a little discomfited at my lady's reply, she was not more attentive to Ellinor in consequence. She allowed Mr. Wilkins to bring in his daughter and place her on the crimson sofa beside her; spoke to her occasionally in the interval that elapsed before the rubbers could be properly arranged in the card-room; invited the girl to accompany her to that sober amusement, and on Ellinor's declining, and preferring to remain with her father, the dowager left her with a sweet smile on her plump countenance, and an approving conscience somewhere within her portly frame, assuring her that she had done all that could possibly have been expected from her toward "that good Wilkins's daughter." Ellinor stood by her father watching the dances, and thankful for the occasional chance of a dance. While she had been sitting by her chaperon Mr. Wilkins had made the tour of the room, dropping out the little fact of his daughter's being present wherever he thought the seed likely to bring forth the fruit of partners. And some came because they liked Mr. Wilkins, and some asked Ellinor because they had done their duty dances to their own party, and might please themselves. So that Miss Wilkins usually had an average of one invitation to every three dances, and this principally toward the end of the evening.

But considering her real beauty, and the care which her father always took about her appearance, she met with far less than her due of admiration. Admiration she did not care for; partners she did; and sometimes felt mortified when she had to sit or stand quiet during all the first part of the evening. If it had not been for her father's wishes she would much rather have staid at home; but, nevertheless, she talked even to the irresponsive old dowager, and fairly chattered to her father when she got to him, because she did not like him to fancy that she was not enjoying herself.

And, indeed, she had so much happiness in the daily course of this part of her life, that, on looking back on it afterward, she could not imagine any thing brighter than it had been. The delight of receiving her lover's letters—the anxious happiness of replying to them (always a little bit fearful lest she should not express herself and her love in the precisely happy medium becoming a maiden)—the father's love and satisfaction in her—the calm prosperity of the whole household was delightful at the time, and, looking back upon it, it was dream-like.

Occasionally Mr. Corbet came down to see her. He always slept on these occasions at Mr. Ness's; but he was at Ford Bank the greater part of the one day between two nights that he allowed himself for the length of his visits. And even these short peeps were not frequently taken. He was working hard at law; fagging at it tooth and nail; arranging his whole life so as best to promote the ends of his ambition; feeling a delight in surpassing and mastering his fellows—those who started in the race at the same time. He read Ellinor's letters over and over again; nothing else besides law-books. He perceived the repressed love hidden away in subdued expressions in his mistress's communications, with an amused pleasure at the attempt at concealment. He was glad that her gayeties were not more gay; he was glad that she was not too much admired, although a little indignant at the want of taste on the part of the ——shire gentlemen. But if other admirers had come prominently forward he should have had to take some more decided steps to assert his rights than he had hitherto done; for he had caused Ellinor to express a wish to her father that her engagement might not be too much talked about until nearer the time when it would be prudent for him to marry her. He thought that the knowledge of this, the only imprudently hasty step he ever meant to take in his life, might go against his character for wisdom if the fact was known while he was as yet only a student. Mr. Wilkins wondered a little; but acceded, as he always did, to any of Ellinor's requests. Mr. Ness was a confidant, of course; and some of Lady Maria's connections heard of it, and forgot it again very soon, and, as it happened, no one else was sufficiently interested in Ellinor to care to ascertain the fact.

All this time Mr. Ralph Corbet maintained a very quietly decided attitude toward his own family. He was engaged to Miss Wilkins, and all he could say was that he was sorry that they disapproved of it. He was not able to marry just at present, and before the time for his marriage arrived he trusted that his own family would take a more reasonable view of things, and be willing to receive her as his wife with all becoming respect or affection. This was the substance of what he repeated in different forms in reply to his father's angry letters. At length his invariable determination made way with his father; the paternal thunderings were subdued to a distant rumbling in the sky; and presently the inquiry was broached as to how much fortune Miss Wilkins would have; how much down on her marriage; what were the eventual probabilities. Now this was a point on which Mr. Ralph Corbet wished himself to be informed upon. He had not thought much about it in making the engagement; he had been too young, or too much in love. But an only child of a wealthy attorney ought to have something considerable; and an allowance, so as to enable the young couple to start housekeeping in a moderately good part of town, would be an advantage to him in his profession. So he replied to his father, adroitly suggesting that a letter containing certain modifications of the inquiry, which had been rather roughly put in Mr. Corbet's last, should be sent to him, in order that he might himself ascertain from Mr. Wilkins what were Ellinor's prospects as regarded fortune.

The desired letter came, but not in such a form that he could pass it on to Mr. Wilkins; he preferred to make quotations, and even these quotations were a little altered and dressed before he sent them on. The gist of his letter to Mr. Wilkins was this: He stated that he hoped soon to be in a position to offer Ellinor a home; that he anticipated a steady progress in his profession, and consequently in his income; but that contingencies might arise, as his father suggested, which would deprive him of the power of earning a livelihood, perhaps when it might be more required than it would be at first; that it was true that, after his mother's death, a small estate in Shropshire would come to him as second son, and of course Ellinor would receive the benefit of this property, secured to her legally as Mr. Wilkins thought best—that being a matter for after-discussion—but that at present his father was anxious, as might be seen from the extract, to ascertain whether Mr. Wilkins could secure him from the contingency of having his son's widow and possible children thrown upon his hands by giving Ellinor a dowry; and if so, it was gently insinuated what would be the amount of the same.

When Mr. Wilkins received this letter it startled him out of a happy day-dream. He liked Ralph Corbet and the whole connection quite well enough to give his consent to an engagement; and sometimes even he was glad to think that Ellinor's future was assured, and that she would have a protector and friends after he was dead and gone. But he did not want them to assume their responsibilities so soon. He had not distinctly contemplated her marriage as an event likely to happen before his death. He could not understand how his own life would go on without her; or, indeed, why she and Ralph Corbet could not continue just as they were at present. He came down to breakfast with the letter in his hand. By Ellinor's blushes, as she glanced at the handwriting, he knew that she had heard from her lover by the same post; by her tender caresses—caresses given as if to make up for the pain which the prospect of her leaving him was sure to give him—he was certain that she was aware of the contents of the letter. Yet he put it in his pocket, and tried to forget it.

He did this not merely from his reluctance to complete any arrangements which might facilitate Ellinor's marriage. There was a further annoyance connected with the affair. His money matters had been for some time in an involved state; he had been living beyond his income, even reckoning that, as he always did, at the highest point at which it ever touched. He kept no regular accounts, reasoning with himself—or, perhaps, I should rather say persuading himself—that there was no great occasion for regular accounts, when he had a steady income coming in from his profession, as well as the interest of a good sum of money left him by his father; and when his expenditure, living in his own house near a country town where provisions were cheap, for his small family—only one child—could ever amount to any thing like his incomings from the above-mentioned sources. But servants and horses, and choice wines and

rare fruit-trees, and a habit of purchasing any book or engraving he might take a fancy to, irrespective of the price, run away with the money, even though there be but one child. A year or two ago Mr. Wilkins had been startled into a system of exaggerated retrenchment—retrenchment which only lasted about six weeks—by the sudden bursting of a bubble speculation, in which he had invested a part of his father's savings. But as soon as the change in his habits, necessitated by his new economies, became irksome, he had comforted himself for his relapse into his former easy extravagance of living, by remembering the fact that Ellinor was engaged to the son of a man of large property; and that though Ralph was only the second son, yet that his mother's estate must come to him, as Mr. Ness had already informed Ellinor's father, on first hearing of her engagement.

Mr. Wilkins did not doubt that he could easily make Ellinor a fitting allowance, or even pay down a requisite dowry; but the doing so would involve an examination into the real state of his affairs, and this involved distasteful trouble. He had no idea how much more than mere temporary annoyance would arise out of the investigation. Until it was made he decided in his own mind that he would not speak to Ellinor on the subject of her lover's letter. So for the next few days she was kept in suspense, seeing little of her father; and during the short times that she was with him she was made aware that he was nervously anxious to keep the conversation engaged on general topics rather than on the one which she had at heart. Mr. Corbet had written to her by the same post as that on which he sent the letter, of which I have already spoken, to her father, telling her of its contents, and begging her (in all those sweet words which lovers know how to use) to urge her father to compliance for his sake — his, her lover's — who was pining and lonely in all the crowds of London, since her loved presence was not there. He did not care for money, save as for a means of hastening their marriage: indeed, if there were only some income fixed, however small, some time for their marriage fixed, however distant, he could be patient. He did not want superfluity of wealth; his habits were simple, as she well knew; and money enough would be theirs in time, both from her share of contingencies and the certainty of his finally possessing Bromley.

Ellinor delayed replying to this letter until her father should have spoken to her on the subject. But as she perceived that he avoided all such conversation, the young girl's heart failed her. She began to blame herself for wishing to leave him, to reproach herself for being accessory to any step which made him shun being alone with her, and look distressed and full of care as he did now. It was the usual struggle between father and lover for the possession of love, instead of the natural and graceful resignation of the parent to the prescribed course of things; and, as usual, it was the poor girl who bore the suffering for no fault of her own: although she blamed herself for being the cause of the disturbance in the previous order of affairs. Ellinor had no one to speak to confidentially but her father and her lover, and when they were at issue she could talk openly to neither, so she brooded over Mr. Corbet's unanswered letter and her father's silence, and became pale and dispirited. Once or twice she looked up suddenly, and caught her father's eye gazing upon her with a certain wistful anxiety; but the instant she saw this he pulled himself up, as it were, and would begin talking gayly about the small topics of the day.

At length Mr. Corbet grew impatient at not hearing either from Mr. Wilkins or Ellinor, and wrote urgently to the former, making known to him a new proposal suggested to him by his father, which was, that a certain sum should be paid down by Mr. Wilkins, which should be applied, under the management of trustees, to the improvement of the Bromley estate, out of the profits of which, or other sources in the elder Mr. Corbet's hands, a heavy rate of interest should be paid on this money, which would secure an income to the young couple immediately, and considerably increase the value of the estate upon which Ellinor's settlement was to be made. The terms offered for this laying down of ready money were so advantageous that Mr. Wilkins was strongly tempted to accede to them at once; as Ellinor's pale cheek and want of appetite had only that very morning smote upon his conscience, and this immediate transfer of ready money was, as a sacrifice, a soothing balm to his self-reproach, and laziness and dislike to immediate unpleasantness of action had its counterbalancing weakness in imprudence. Mr. Wilkins made some rough calculations on a piece of paper—deeds, and all such tests of accuracy being down at the office—discovered that he could pay down the sum required; wrote a letter agreeing to the proposal, and before he sealed it called Ellinor into his study, and bade her read what he had been writing, and tell him what she thought of it. He watched the color come rushing into her white face, her lips quiver and tremble, and even before the latter was ended she was in his arms, kissing him, and thanking him with blushing caresses rather than words.

"There, there!" said he, smiling and sighing; "that will do. Why, I do believe you took me for a hard-hearted father, just like a heroine's father in a book. You've looked as woebegone this week past as Ophelia. One can't make up one's mind in a day about such sums of money as this, little woman; and you should have let your old father have time to consider."

"Oh, papa! I was only afraid you were angry."

"Well, if I was a bit perplexed, seeing you look so ill and pining was not the way to bring me round. Old Corbet, I must say, is trying to make a good bargain for his son. It is well for me that I have never been an extravagant man."

"But, papa, we don't want all this much."

"Yes, yes; it is all right. You shall go into their family as a well-portioned girl, if you can't go as a Lady Maria. Come, don't trouble your little head any more about it. Give me one more kiss, and then we'll go and order the horses, and have a ride together, by way of keeping holiday. I deserve a holiday, don't I, Nelly?"

Some country people at work at the roadside, as the father and daughter passed along, stopped to admire their bright, happy looks, and one spoke of the hereditary handsomeness of the Wilkins's family (for the old man, the present Mr. Wilkins's father, had been fine-looking in his drab breeches and gaiters, and usual assumption of a yeoman's dress). Another said it was easy for the rich to be handsome; they had always plenty to eat, and could ride when they were tired of walking, and had no care for the morrow to keep them from sleeping at nights. And in sad acquiescence with their contrasted lot, the men went on with their hedging and ditching in silence.

And yet, if they had known—if the poor did know—the troubles and temptations of the rich; if those men had foreseen the lot darkening over the father, and including the daughter in its cloud; if Mr. Wilkins himself had even imagined such a future possible...... Well, there was truth in the old heathen saying, "Let no man be envied till his death."

Ellinor had no more rides with her father; no, not ever again; though they had stopped that afternoon at the summit of a breezy common, and looked at a ruined hall, not so very far off, and discussed whether they could reach it that day, and decided that it was too far away for any thing but a hurried inspection, and that some day soon they would make the old place into the principal object of an excursion. But a rainy time came on, when no rides were possible; and whether it was the influence of the weather, or some other care or trouble that oppressed him, Mr. Wilkins seemed to lose all wish for much active exercise, and rather sought a stimulus to his spirits and circulation in wine. But of this Ellinor was innocently unaware. He seemed dull and weary, and sat long, drowsing and drinking after dinner. If the servants had not been so fond of him for much previous generosity and kindness, they would have complained now, and with reason, of his irritability, for all sorts of things seemed to annoy him.

"You should get the master to take a ride with you, miss," said Dixon, one day, as he was putting Ellinor on her horse. "He is not looking well. He is studying too much at the office."

But when Ellinor named it to her father, he rather hastily replied that it was all very well for women to ride out whenever they liked—men had something else to do; and then, as he saw her look grave and puzzled, he softened down his abrupt saying by adding that Dunster had been making a fuss about his partner's non-attendance, and altogether taking a good deal upon himself in a very offensive way, so that he thought it better to go pretty regularly to the office, in order to show him who was master, senior partner, and head of the business, at any rate.

Ellinor sighed a little over her disappointment at her father's preoccupation, and then forgot her own little regret in anger at Mr. Dunster, who had seemed all along to be a thorn in her father's side, and had latterly gained some power and authority over him, the exercise of which Ellinor could not help thinking was a very impertinent line of conduct from a junior partner, so lately only a paid clerk, to his superior. There was a sense of something wrong in the Ford Bank household for many weeks about this time. Mr. Wilkins was not like himself, and his cheerful ways and careless genial speeches were missed, even on the days when he was not irritable, and evidently uneasy with himself and all about him. The spring was late in coming, and cold rain and sleet made any kind of out-of-door exercise a trouble and discomfort rather than a bright natural event in the course of the day. All sound of winter gayeties, of assemblies and meets, and jovial dinners, had died away, and the summer pleasures were as yet unthought of. Still Ellinor had a secret perennial spring of sunshine in her heart; whenever she thought of Ralph she could not feel much oppression from the present unspoken and indistinct gloom. He loved her—and oh, how she loved him! and, perhaps, this very next autumn—but that depended on his own success in his profession. After all, if it was not this autumn it would be the next; and with the letters that she received weekly, and the occasional visits that her lover ran down to Hamley to pay Mr. Ness, Ellinor felt as if she would almost prefer the delay of the time when she must leave her father's for a husband's roof.

SOUTHERN CHIVALRY.

In vindication of the series of pictures on pages 88 and 89, which illustrate Southern chivalry, we present below a few extracts from the history of the war. Jeff Davis, in his proclamations, has constantly endeavored to make it appear that whereas the war was waged with chivalry and gentleness by the South, it was carried on with every circumstance of atrocious savagery by the Union troops. Here are a few examples of the chivalry of which the rebel boasts.

BARBARITIES AT MANASSAS.

The Senate committee, appointed to inquire how the rebels had treated our dead on the field of Manassas or Bull Run, say in their report:

The rebels manifested a fiendish spirit in their treatment of our dead. Bodies were pried out of their graves, and Mrs. Pierce Butler, who lives near the place, said that she had seen the rebels boiling portions of the bodies of our dead in order to obtain their bones as relics. They could not wait for them to decay. She said she had seen drumsticks made of Yankee shinbones, as they called them. She had seen a skull that one of the New Orleans Artillery had, which he said he was going to send home and have mounted, and that he intended to drink brandy punch out of it the day he was married. Many of the bones had been manufactured into finger rings.

The outrages upon the dead will revive the recollections of the cruelties to which savage tribes subjected their prisoners. They were buried, in many cases, naked, with their faces downward. They were left to decay in the open air, their bones being carried off as trophies, sometimes, as the testimony proves, to be used as personal adornments; and one witness deliberately avers that the head of one of our most gallant officers was cut off by a secessionist, to be turned into a drinking-cup on the occasion of his marriage. Monstrous as this revelation may appear to be, your committee have been informed that during the last two weeks the skull of a Union soldier has been exhibited in the office of the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives, which had been converted to such a purpose, and which had been found on the person of one of the rebel prisoners taken in a recent conflict. The testimony of Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, is most interesting. It confirms the worst reports against the rebel soldiers, and conclusively proves that the body of one of the bravest officers in the volunteer service was burned. He does not hesitate to add that the hyena desecration of the burned corpse was because the rebels believed it to be the body of Colonel Slocum, against whom they were infuriated for having displayed so much courage and chivalry in forcing his regiment fearlessly and bravely upon them.

HORRIBLE TREATMENT OF THE WOUNDED.

A dispatch from Murfreesboro, dated December 31, says:

The enemy during yesterday harassed our rear with their cavalry, and captured some of our wounded men near Nolinsville. Rebel guerrilla bands attacked and burned our army wagons, ambulances, etc., and acted most outrageously, throwing the sick and wounded into the roads to die.

Major Slenmer and Captain King, who were being conveyed away wounded from the battle-field in an ambulance, were captured by the rebels, taken four miles away, and then paroled and thrown out on the road.

The Medical Director of General Grant's army, in an official report dated at Holly Springs on 30th December, says:

I received the assurance by General Van Dorn's Adjutant that the Armory Hospital should not be burned, but that it should be protected by a guard. Satisfied with this, I returned to my quarters, but had not been there an hour when I was informed that the building was in flames; and thus this fine structure, with two thousand bunks, an immense lot of drugs and surgical apparatus, thousands of blankets, sheets, and bed-sacks, was soon in ashes.

This proceeding, in violation of an express promise, and of all rules of civilized warfare, is an evidence of the barbarity and want of principle in the Confederate officers. But this was not all. An attempt was made to destroy the General Hospital, located on the main square, and which at the time contained over 500 sick.

A quantity of ordnance stores had been deposited in a building on the next block to the hospital, and by the order of General Van Dorn, as stated by the officer who had charge of the matter, the barrels of powder and boxes containing shell and cartridges were taken out and piled up nearly in front of the hospital and set fire to.

Two medical officers protested against this wanton act, but their requests were treated with contempt, and before there was time to remove the sick the walls and windows of the hospital were riddled with flying balls and shell, and finally a terrific explosion took place which shook the entire building, destroying almost every window and door in the establishment, wounding about twenty men, and creating a scene of the wildest confusion.

A large number of buildings on the public square took fire from the explosion, and it was only by the utmost efforts that the hospital was preserved as a shelter for the men in the night air.

Together with the medical officers who assisted me in caring for the sick and wounded on that trying day, I thought that the rebels had now done us all the harm in their power, but to injury insult was to be added in a manner I hope never to witness again. A rebel cavalry officer named Brewster, who stated he had been detailed by General Van Dorn to "march off every sick man that had not been paroled, collected together, pistol in hand, about 150 sick soldiers, forced them to rise from their beds and fall in line, threatening to shoot the medical officer who expostulated with him, and actually made the poor fellows, suffering from typhoid fever, pneumonia, and diarrhea, start with him on the road. The men fell down in the street and had to rise again for fear of being shot, when they were so weak that the slightest motion was agony. On being importuned if there was any thing in the name of humanity that could be done to stop his brutal proceedings, he finally consented to let them alone on receiving a paper, signed by all the surgeons present, stating that the men were too sick to walk, and their removal was an impossibility.

A newspaper correspondent writes:

One of the enemy's cavalry rode up to a wagon containing a wounded German soldier of Captain Langworthy's company, Second Wisconsin regiment, and, dragging him out by the hair of the head, piercing him through the body with his sword, yelling, "I'll teach you d—d black Abolitionists to come down here to fight us." The trooper then rushed upon the driver of the wagon, and, with a back cut of his sabre, nearly severed the man's head from his body, and he fell lifeless among his horses.

At the battle of Bull Run, an Ohio surgeon detailed for duty in a hospital, testified that it was assiduously shelled by the rebels while the wounded of both armies were being cared for in it.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* contained the following, shortly after the battle:

A lieutenant of an Ohio regiment, now in this city, and who was at the battle of Bull Run, states that he saw several of our wounded bayoneted and having their throats cut by the members of the Alabama and Georgia regiments. The poor fellows begged for their lives, but their pleadings were disregarded, and with an oath the death-wound was inflicted.

MURDERS OF DEFENSELESS MEN.

The following account of the murder of General Robert M'Cook is in point:

On Tuesday last General Robert L. M'Cook, who was at the time very sick, was in an ambulance near Salem, Alabama, on his way to his brigade. The ambulance was traveling over the usual military road, and about ten o'clock in the morning it arrived at a plantation where there was an abundance of water. After refreshing themselves they passed on with the wounded General. Intelligence of his whereabouts and condition was quickly spread, it is supposed, for before the ambulance had proceeded three miles the driver discovered that he was pursued by guerrillas.

It was impossible to think of flight, and Gen. M'Cook's condition prohibited any idea of rescuing him. The guerrilla leader ordered the ambulance to stop, the assassins at the same time surrounding it. The vehicle was then upset, and the sick officer turned into the road. While on his knees, helpless and sick, he was fired at by a ruffian, and shot through the side.

The wound was fatal, General M'Cook surviving it but a few hours. He bore his sufferings heroically, and to the last manifested an undaunted spirit. His last words were: "Tell Aleck (alluding to his brother, General Alexander M'Dowell M'Cook) and the rest that I have tried to live like a man and do my duty."

Commissary Packham, of Piatt's Zouaves, communicates the following narrative of the murder of two members of that regiment by rebel guerrillas in Western Virginia:

A few days ago John Costallo and John Cerbe, Company D, with a loyal Virginian named Collins, attached to Company G as guide, were sent after a detachment of the Second loyal Virginia Cavalry, whom our colonel desired to be nearer our lines. When about 16 miles from camp they suddenly came upon a party of rebel militia, who fired, wounding the Virginia guide. Costallo and Cerbe instantly returned the fire, but before they could reload they were overpowered and taken to a Mrs. Gilkinson's. Next morning the rebels consulted upon the disposal of their prisoners. Some were for sending them to Richmond, some to their own head-quarters at Logan Court House, some for killing them, and Mrs. Gilkinson, to the eternal disgrace of Southern female fiends, wished one to be killed on her porch, so that she could dance in his blood.

The killing was done in the following manner, communicated to me by H. Mays, in our hospital, a short time before he died, from a wound he had just received while attempting to escape from the guard-house.

These are his dying words:

In the morning we took one up the run, a quarter of a mile from Mrs. Gilkinson's mill, tied his legs, and fixed him to a tree. Bill Pritchet, Lew Pritchet, Isam Miller, and Stevens, walked off a piece, and shot at him till they killed him. *Question.* Did you shoot? *Answer.* No; I and three others stood by; we all went back to Mrs. Gilkinson, got the other Zouave, brought him up the run, and he was killed. *Q.* Did you try to prevent them being shot in that manner? *A.* Yes. *Q.* Did either of the poor fellows say any thing while they were being so slowly and cruelly murdered? *A.* Yes; for as we took the last one up the run, past the first one shot, who lay at the tree, he stopped, looked at the dead body, and said, O God! don't murder me that way: I can die like a soldier, but, for God's sake, don't murder me; shoot me here! and he unbuttoned his Zouave jacket, and tore open his shirt. *Q.* Did you not persuade your men to have mercy, and grant the poor fellow his wish? *A.* Yes; I said I would see him safe to Logan; but they fixed him to a tree, and shot him. *Q.* How many times was he hit before he died? *A.* They had about three shots apiece at him. *Q.* Did most of the balls hit him? *A.* Yes. *Q.* Did they shoot at him after he was dead? *A.* No. *Q.* What became of Collins, the Virginian? *A.* They kept teasing him at Mrs. Gilkinson's till near noon; then took him away up the run, and killed him. I did not shoot once; all the shooting was done by the two Pritchets, Miller, and Stevens. Pritchet said they were to see who could hit nearest his heart without killing him. *Q.* How many times do you think the boys were hit? *A.* All the men shot three times; they hit every time. My name is Mays. I live on the Beech Fork. It is true.

The wretch soon died. Since writing the above our scouts have returned. They have killed Lew Pritchet, and got 13 prisoners, among whom we are in hopes to find all the abettors in the above horrible affair.

Yours respectfully,

A. Packham, Piatt's Zouaves,
Commissary Thirty-fourth Regiment O. V.

OUR DEAD SCALPED.

A correspondent from the West says:

The Committee under the resolutions of inquiry are receiving testimony from Pea Ridge, showing incontestibly that there our dead were not only scalped by the rebels' Indian allies, but in other respects outraged.

Another writes:

You will of course have heard of the fact that the rebels had some three thousand Indians under the command of Albert Pike. Also that some twenty of our men who fell in the engagement under Colonel Osterhaus on Friday, and under General Davis on Saturday, and had the misfortune to be left on the field, were foully and fiendishly scalped, murdered, and robbed by these red-skinned wretches.

CONTRABANDS DRIVEN SOUTH OR SHOT.

A correspondent from Murfreesboro writes:

All "contrabands" captured by the rebels on the Federal wagon-trains are immediately shot. Twenty thus killed are lying on the Murfreesboro Pike.

The *Times* correspondent says:

While at Aldie, on Thursday last, two citizens, named Moore and Ball, came within our lines and were detained as prisoners. The first-named is a son of the proprietor of Moore's flour-mills, at Aldie, on a branch of Goose Creek, and the latter is a large planter in the same town. They had "done nothing," so they said, and were neither bushwhackers nor soldiers, and were surprised at being detained within our lines when so near their homes, from which they had been absent some time. Upon being questioned closely they admitted that they had just come from the James River, and finally owned up that they had been running off "niggers," having just taken a large gang, belonging to themselves and neighbors, southward *in chains*, to avoid losing them under the emancipation proclamation. I understand, from various sources, that the owners of this species of property, throughout this section of the State, are moving it off toward Richmond as fast as it can be spared from the plantations, and the slaveholders boast that there will not be a negro left in all this part of the State by the 1st of January next.

Another correspondent says:

The rebels in Secessia are busily engaged just now in running off to Richmond and beyond negroes and conscripts. A Union man, just from below Culpepper, says that he saw droves of negroes and white men on the road at different points, all strongly guarded. He does not exactly know which excited his pity most, the white or black men.

MISCELLANEOUS BARBARITIES.

The following are a few extracts culled from army letters:

Every day new barbarities perpetrated by the rebels come to light. This week two soldiers who had straggled from the ranks on the march from —— were found, it is reported on credible authority, by the roadside with their throats cut from ear to ear.

* * * * * * *

Here the rebels were guilty of barbarous atrocities. Many of the dead had their throats cut, and presented a horrible spectacle. One man was brought in who had had *his eyes picked out by their bayonets*. In short, they evinced the most unrelenting fury on finding this way of retreat cut off to them.

* * * * * * *

Numbers of our men were found with their throats cut, and some had their eyes picked out. One was found tied to a tree. But enough of these horrors—I must conclude.

* * * * * * *

To what depths of inhuman wickedness men, or fiends, can descend! Prisoners taken by the rebels were afterward deliberately murdered, and the fingers of our dead cut off to secure rings. We grow wiser every day.

* * * * * * *

One man says: They kept bayoneting me until I received fourteen wounds. One then left me, the other remaining over me, when a Union soldier coming up shot him in the breast, and he fell dead. I lay on the ground until ten o'clock next day.

* * * * * * *

The fellow at first made no reply, but, stooping down, seized the dead man by the hair and dragged him partially out of his grave, in order to get at the buttons on his clothes for trophies.

* * * * * * *

Another saw the brains of the wounded being beaten out by clubs, thus confirming the previous newspaper reports.

There is enough in these extracts to bear out the pictures on pages 88 and 89, horrible as they are, and to serve as a complete refutation of Jeff Davis's claim to superior chivalry. Will the foreign journals, who have made such an outcry about Butler and M'Neil, be so good as to let their readers hear of a few of these cases?

HISTORIC EXAMPLES OF SOUTHERN CHIVALRY, ILLUSTRATED BY TH

Y THOMAS NAST—DEDICATED TO JEFF DAVIS.—[See Page 87.]

THREE CHRISTMAS DAYS.

I.

"I met young Weymer down town this morning, and invited him to eat his Christmas dinner with us, Alice."

"Weymer?"

"Robert Weymer's son; have you forgotten him? He went to Europe directly after his father's death, and arrived in New York yesterday. He has no near relatives in the city, you know, and I thought he might find our home pleasanter to-day than his hotel."

"Yes, certainly, I am glad you invited him; he must feel lonely:" and then Alice Rosemere, after giving a servant an order to lay another plate, dismissed "young Weymer" from her mind, until—

"My daughter, Mr. Weymer."

Alice was standing in the midst of uncles, aunts, and cousins, dispensing her graciousness with that pretty stateliness which became her as sole mistress of the house; for Mr. Rosemere had never given her a step-mother, since her own mother died, ten years ago.

Standing in the midst of uncles, aunts, and cousins, she looked up to greet "Mr. Weymer," hardly noticing his *personnel* in the merry confusion about her, but saying politely, with a sense of his being a stranger,

"We are very glad to have you with us to-day, Mr. Weymer."

"And I am very glad to be here. It is a pleasanter 'coming home' than I anticipated, Miss Rosemere."

"He has a fine voice," thought Alice, in whose ear her cousin Frank was rattling his good-natured nonsense in those immature tones of his; and then they went in to dinner, and she thought only of her duties of hostess, unconsciously shining as she never shone at ball or party, as she sat there at the head of her father's table, her usually brilliant face subdued by its rather unusual expression of kindly care for all these young cousins, with their evident expectation of being "looked out for" by such a splendid "Cousin Alice."

Cold and haughty and self-absorbed as most people, specially her own sex, thought Alice Rosemere, to her credit be it said, that she never shirked these small requirements of her, which many persons of far more amiable reputation make a point of doing. Perhaps her accusers might have said that it was a mere matter of pride that she didn't. That she smiled upon you, or any other young fool if you came in her way, in that courteous manner, simply because she had set herself above all evasions of social grace, as a lesson of lofty pride.

The Rosemeres were ladies and gentlemen through a long line of gracious lineage, and it was said that this last representative of the name had higher notions than any of her predecessors concerning that title of "a lady." Be this as it may, we will not find fault with the quality of pride when it produces such results as in the present instance, that of fitting herself to the pleasures of these "younger folk" who look up at her so admiringly.

But at last the complex wheels are moving smoothly. Shy Lucy has found her voice under the gay patronage of that rattling Frank. Awkward Tom has forgotten his huge hands and feet in telling his college stories to sympathetic little Jenny, and the elders are safely launched in old-time talk.

So Alice once more retires into herself for a little rest and quiet.

She was absently crushing the soft almond shells in her white fingers, gazing the while into her glass of "rare old wine," with a gaze that told of dreams and fancies far outside of the scene before her. As she looked into the purple-tinted wine glowing and sparkling with its

> "——beaded bubbles winking at the brim,"

was she thinking of the

> "——lands where the olives grow,
> Where the sun with a golden mouth can blow
> Blue bubbles of grapes down a vineyard row?"

If she was, somebody spoke just then who carried on the fancy.

"I had come straight through from Italy—from Rome, where the winter is so kind that people are more out of doors than in; and a month ago, *only* a month—it seems odd now when I glance out of these windows upon the ice and snow—a month ago I came up from Malta, where the grapes were hanging in the sun, and the olives lay yellow on the walls, and the air was heavy with the odors of each. I have shut my eyes since then many times, and fancied I could scent the fragrance."

What voice was this so full of Italy? She lifted her head.

It was Mr. Weymer, talking to her cousin John. John Maynard, who hated college because he wanted to be an artist and go to Italy. The younger man's face was charmed from its commonly petulant expression as he listened. It took but a few eager questions of his to lead Mr. Weymer on to further talk of artists and pictures there, for Robert Weymer, Jun., loved Italy too, as the very tones of his voice lingering over her sweet, lingering names testified.

And while he talked on, he had another hearer than he was aware of; Alice sitting there, crushing the almond shells between her fingers, and for the first time since he had entered, *seeing* "young Weymer."

She found a man who matched the voice. A great shouldered, well-made fellow, with a head of dark hair not cut too closely, and falling a little over a bronzed forehead whose color spoke eloquently of Campagna wanderings. And there was rest in the brown eyes as if they had been lately looking at

> "The champaign, with its endless fleece
> Of feathery grasses every where!
> Silence and passion, joy and peace,
> An everlasting wash of air—
> Rome's ghost since her decease."

And between the full flowing beard of warmer brown than the hair and eyes, the red mouth stirred with a slow serenity of movement, as if it were keeping time to the soft oar-dips in the canals of Venice.

Alice was pleased. She liked enthusiasm, earnestness, and it was agreeable to meet a person who had forgot to "hurry," and who had delivered himself over to such artistic influences.

When they had entered the drawing-room again, and while the others were engaged in their Christmas merriment, Alice crossed over to her guest, who was standing quite alone by the great wood-fire that crackled and blazed on the hearth—crossed over, her mind tinged with the tone she had caught at the table. But the elegant air which met her struck back her genial impulse. It smacked of Paris *salons* and New York drawing-rooms, not of Italy. Where was the dreamy youth she had seen bending over his glass and discoursing eloquently of

> "——the lands where the olives grow?"

Perhaps, if she had glanced at herself in the mirror as she crossed the room, she would have been aware that the fashionable-looking young lady, in her stiff purple silk, her ruffles of lace, and her glittering jewels, was *not* the object to suggest

> "——the lands where the olives grow."

If Robert Weymer had looked into her eyes, he might have seen possibly where her dreams had been; but he did not look into her eyes, only down that trailing splendor of silk which swayed gracefully to the proud step. So he made his best Paris bow, and began talking to the splendid young lady about what he thought she would like to hear. The French theatre, the French soirées, and her neighbor, Charley Goodwyn, whom he had met there, and who spoke of her several times he was sure.

To all this Alice bent her head graciously, inwardly bored to death. She didn't care a sou for French theatres, French soirées, or Charley Goodwyn; and what ailed this fine fellow to talk to her in this way? Her quick perception got at the reason at last, or at least a glimpse of it. He was flying on over a batch of brilliant gossip, when she brought him up standing, as the phrase is, by:

"Mr. Weymer, forget I am a New York girl, with sixteen yards of silk to my gown, and corresponding follies of chains and ornaments, to declare me *non compos mentis*, and talk as you talked to my cousin John, over your wine."

Here was something new and strange—originality and independence, with nothing "fast" about it. A lady speaking freely, quite as she meant, and losing none of her reticence in the speaking.

He started at first, then a little delicate laugh of appreciation broke heartily through the brown beard.

"I like this," he thought, and he almost said so; and from that they fell into conversation of an entirely different description from what he had at first essayed, though certainly not such as he had carried on with her cousin. It was an odd, what most of her contemporaries would have called an out-of-the-way talk; but in it Robert Weymer, who knew something of men and women, found that he had met a new specimen of her sex; at least new to his experience. He had been making himself agreeable as she wished, by falling into a natural, simple expression of his thought and travel to her, and there had come a brief pause; when she broke it by saying abruptly, evidently in response to some inward reflection on what had passed:

"If only a woman could feel, when she meets a man who is companionable and interesting, that she might be free and cordial as her nature should dictate, without provoking the thought, as Charles Reade, I believe it is, says, that she is 'after him,' how much finer it would all be! Ah," with an absent, weary air; "one gets tired and humiliated by the false positions which society's corruptions place one in. But it can't be helped, I suppose. I believe that even the simplest and most modest of your sex would think that a girl was 'after him,' should she treat him with the frank and innocent cordiality which she extends to a woman like herself, and with precisely the same innocent cordiality which she feels for the woman; and that from no fault of his, but from the accepted state of things. The root of the mischief lies far below the present; but still women are much to blame now for carrying on this folly by all sorts of artifices. If men could only believe that there are women like her who said:

"If Shakspeare loved me, and I didn't love him, how could I marry him?"

And here this "out-of-the-way" conversation was brought to an end. Cousin Frank came running up with a petition that Alice would sing; and Alice, breaking off her thread of talk, moved, smiling, away, convoyed by that marplot of a Frank, with no expression in her face to betray that she was not having her own highest pleasure in her compliance; though Robert Weymer could have sworn that she liked their talking ten times better: and yet she gave no sign.

He could not make her out. Was she serene and calm because of some chill currents in her blood? How clearly and coolly she had spoken to him, a stranger! Undeniable truths, and he admired her for the speaking; but from what experience had she arrived at these conclusions? Had more love been poured out at her shrine than she could understand? Had it become distasteful to her from that prodigality? and more the artist than the woman in her nature, did she desire only man's friendship? It looked like this, for how coldly, though intensely, had she spoken! On the other hand, perhaps she had yearned for the strength and support of manly sympathy, but knowledge of life had held her back; too proud to risk misunderstanding, she had intrenched herself in this glacial dignity. He doubted if there was much warmth either way. That calm, clear face, that passionless manner! But how she had said those words:

"If Shakspeare loved me, and I didn't love him, how could I marry him?"

He had arrived at this point in his speculations, when the gay songs that Frank had been calling for, with their brilliant accompaniments, suddenly gave place to a soft but happy strain, and a voice, the same, yet not the same, came gushing and fervent down that Irish "Welcome."

> "Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
> Come when you're looked for, or come without warning;
> Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
> And the oftener you come the more I'll adore you."

Weymer slipped round into a curtained niche where he could see the singer as this first verse reached him. And he saw a face full of tender meaning. Was it merely the artist's rendering of the song, or was it—? But wait—the tune changes. There is a cluster of slow-woven chords, a braiding of major and minor tones, which he wonders where he has heard before, and then he would fancy himself back in some Roman palazzo, listening to a dark-eyed Signorina, were it not that, often as he had heard this passionate heart-break of Torquato Tasso sung by Italian women as they *can* sing, never had he *felt* its intense pathos, its repressed yet overwhelming ardor, so surely rendered until this moment.

He leaned forward, and caught the lustre and hue of her eyes as she sang. The icy mask was down, the lights shining clearly out. What a fool he had been—he who believed his intellect and intuition infallible in reading human character. She, with those "golden eyes," those thrilling tones, that vainly-tried control; cold, wanting in warmth!

She sang on, and he forgot the place and the hour.

Still looking into those "golden eyes," he recalled an olden dream. Vague and impossible, a little time since, seemed that vision of his youth. And here just a breathing space, and he finds the phantom, the impossible no longer, but possible. He realizes—

"No, I can not sing any more now, Frank; my throat—" A quick disdain of her subterfuge; then clearer toned: "This song exhausts me, that is all." But she can not lose the glance that struck into her soul just now. She can not escape that haunting look, and she knows all subterfuge with him who gave that glance is vain.

But still gay Frank rattles on,

"Oh, come, Alice, give us a bright little thing now, to carry off that Italian affair."

Weymer walked out from his nook.

"Talking of bright things," he said, "you should hear the Roman boys whistle and sing their scraps of songs, as they saunter the streets."

Frank turned, interested, and asked a hundred questions; and Alice left the piano and went down the room, quite conscious of the consideration that gave her such respite.

Half an hour later her strange guest came to bid her good-night.

He thanked her in some simple, sincere phrase, though conventional, for the pleasure of the evening. Their cheerful Christmas cheer had robbed his lonely coming home of half its sadness, etc. She put out her hand at this; and it was then, as he clasped it, that he said, after a brief hesitation, and a little lower of tone:

"Will you let me come and talk to you about Italy sometimes? I think you would love Italy."

She looked up into his waiting face. Golden eyes; but the lights were lowered now; he could not get beyond that outer radiance; yet very gently she answered him, giving graceful assurance of welcome.

Then her father approached—that gracious gentleman, who had been his own father's closest friend in times past. His cordial words, his hearty hand-pressure, were pleasant things for Robert Weymer, returning to a desolate home after four years of wandering; but there was still another pleasure—the mystery of those "golden eyes."

II.

It was a pleasant picture. That old dining-hall at Holly Hill, with its quaint dark wainscoting, its floor of French tiles, and narrow oval windows, now curtained with bright damask, and the whole room shining with the Christmas preparations. Wreaths and festoons of December greenery, hanging all about over door and window, and the full blaze of a chandelier lighting up the table and the guests. A pleasant picture enough to warm any lonely man's heart, and Robert Weymer, who was a lonely man enough, Heaven knows, realized all that this pleasant picture meant; but as he lifts his glass of sherry to his lips there escapes a low but deep sigh through the brown beard, and he turns a wistful gaze toward the windows, all softly shrouded against the dark and stormy night. It was just here that pretty Kate who sits beside him asks, in a very soft tone,

"Cousin Robert, why did you say when you came to-night that you thought it soon enough for such a blue old fellow as you? and why were you so reluctant any way when I first invited you?"

He still held the glass of sherry in his hand, and gazing into its amber depths, said, slowly,

"Kate, a year ago to-day I met, to lose, the dearest friend I ever had. And when I sit at feasts now, I think of another feast whose flowers will never bloom again. And I had said to myself: 'This year I will keep the day in solemn remembrance, as we keep all remembrances of the dead.'"

The tears were in Kate's dark eyes as she listened to these sad and simple words.

"Oh, Robert," she cried, softly, "how good you were to me; how unselfish to come!"

"No, not good, nor unselfish, but merely not quite so self-indulgent as I meant to be. Let it pass, dear. I am glad if my coming gave you pleasure—it gives me pleasure too, Kate; believe that."

Kate Marsden, notwithstanding her gay and willful temper, was full of tender tact; and though her heart was full, she let it pass, and left him to the silence she knew he coveted; turning aside from him all necessity for talk by some adroit appropriation; repaid by the single glance of confidence which he gave her, as he led her from the table to the drawing-room.

But back in the drawing-room, standing by the blazing yule-log, and watching its brilliant flames with that same absent anxious look, he hears words which move him to the very core of his heart. Plunged in his absent reverie a voice breaks through with that magic name:

"Rosemere? Where is Rosemere now?"

"That is what many people ask, and no one can answer. He disappeared after the failure, and not even his own, or his wife's family—he is the last of the Rosemeres, I believe—know any thing of him. It was a perfect crash, you see—utter ruin; and he, the proudest man alive."

"But why, in the name of sense, didn't he begin again—get some office or something? He had friends enough surely for any influence."

"Well, this is the saddest part of it. A stroke of paralysis deprived him of the use of his right arm. What could he do? Then, if you had known Henry Rosemere, you'd see at once how difficult it would be for him to accept favors. I think he'd rather die."

"And his daughter, that Lady Alice as we used to call her, what became of her?"

"Oh, she went with him. By-the-way that reminds me of something my Harry spoke of the other day. He said he was passing down Broadway, just at nightfall about a month ago, and he could have sworn that he saw Alice Rosemere go by, leaning on her father's arm. He thought she looked changed, and Rosemere, he said, was a mere wreck of what he was. However, he might have been mistaken. Harry is a little near-sighted, and doesn't always get things right."

The flame that suddenly burst red and glowing from the heart of the yule-log was not more fiery than the red glow the passionate heart of Robert Weymer sent burning to his cheek at this moment.

"My God!" he murmured beneath his breath. "Have I searched all these weary months for her in vain while she may have been passing my very door."

But again his attention is arrested.

"And this house, you say, once belonged to him?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Marsden: "the old Rosemere homestead. It passed into the creditors' hands, and I bought it. It was for sale just as I got back from Europe. An odd old place it is, and full of interest. They say that he never came here much, and rarely spoke of it, for his wife died in one of the rooms, and was buried from the house. Rowly, who had the settling of affairs, declared that the only time he saw Alice Rosemere break down, or evince in fact any emotion, was when she found this place must go."

"Sad! sad!" muttered the other, shaking his head, regretfully.

Sad! It was wasting desolation and despair. It was constant corroding anxiety, and hungry sorrow to more than those two of whom they speak. Even to him—to that gallant fellow, who leans against the oaken mantle with all the absent wistfulness in his expression changed to fresh determination.

Long after the guests had retired Robert Weymer kept troubled vigil. Again his mind went back to last year's Christmas-tide, when he had left that fair presence with the germ of a feeling which ere long blossomed into perfect flower. And she—he was sure she loved him as he loved her.

Ah, why had he not spoken?

Three months—only three months, and in that time the dreams of his youth were being realized. Three months, and at the end—ruin and desolation indeed.

He recalled the last time he had seen her. It was at a brilliant ball. He had danced with her; and down the floating measures, to the entrancing sweetness of divine music, he had led her into the fairer, dimmer regions of flower and shrub, in the deserted conservatory. And in that softer light how surely he felt that their spirits stood confessed to each. But why had he not spoken? Why? It was one of those moments that seem fit only for silence. Her presence, the glance of her eyes, her hand upon his arm, rapt him in a trance for the time. Then the breaking of alien voices approaches from without, and—"the good minute goes." He had said to himself: I will see her to-morrow.

That night the breaking of a trace, as he was whirling home to his hotel in a hackney-coach, broke up all his plans for "to-morrow." For two weeks he was a prisoner to his room. At the first moment of release, still lame and weak from bruise and sprain, he sought her presence. But instead of finding Alice Rosemere he found the house closed and deserted. What did it mean?

Coming down the stately steps he met young Sayle—her cousin Frank.

"Where are the Rosemeres?" he asked.

"Haven't you heard?" in an amazed tone.

"Heard? No! What is it? I have been ill—thrown from a carriage. I know nothing. For God's sake, what is it?" he exclaimed, in his feverish impatience.

"Oh, it's horrid!—not so much the failure; but to lose Alice, to have her father's pride sever every thing—" began Frank, in a horror-struck, irrelevant way.

"Lose Alice!" repeated his companion. "Frank, stop! Tell me the plain facts."

And Frank told him.

"The day after the Bowdoins' ball the crash had come. The greatest failure for years. Rosemere gave up every thing; refused all offers of assistance; and went away, no one knows where, with his daughter. Only once had he been heard from. An old acquaintance, out of the fullness of his pity, made some communication through the columns of a paper, where a post of book-keeper was offered in one of those blind ways to H. R., etc., by D. M. With his unerring sagacity Mr. Rosemere discovered his correspondent, and a swift reply was sent back. A reply written in Alice Rosemere's graceful chirography, but in her father's clear and cold phrase—thanking the donor, but refusing the offer with the simple intelligence of its uselessness to

one who had but just found his right arm paralyzed for work; courteously intimating, with that unbending pride, that for the present, at least, Mr. Rosemere and his daughter preferred to remain in utter seclusion.

"Those who knew Henry Rosemere did not dream of disregarding this hint. A simple phrase enough; but from him it said: 'I have shut my door against friend or foe; let none dare enter.'

"As proud and invincible in his defeat as in his triumphs, there was none hardy enough to intrude after this decree. And now neither friend nor foe could tell of his whereabouts."

These were the facts which Frank Sayle gave him, in his own indignant, boyish phrase.

From that day Robert Weymer commenced his search. A patient, sorrowful investigation, which he felt sure in the end would be successful. In the first pang of grief at Frank's revelation he bitterly deplored the fate that kept him silent on the last night that they had met. Through hope or despair he never lost this bitterness; and pacing his room there at Holly Hill, as he reviews all this weary past—these eight months and more—of vain watching and waiting, he exclaims, hoarsely, "If I had but spoken!" And again he fancies that proud spirit stung by his absence, by his silence, in that fearful time when he lay stricken and helpless, and denying himself with his characteristic reserve from any chance visitor, who would have given him earlier information, perhaps, which might—"Ah, might!" He struck his forehead with his clenched hand as he walked there, with this ever-recurring thought for maddening company.

And this was the termination.

No! He rose up with new energy again, as he strode the room that night at Holly Hill. What he had heard hours ago in that evening gossip had only quickened the never-dying fire.

And pacing the floor he muttered: "I will never give up my search until I find her, and may God help me!" And then again:

"Her home too. How strange that I should find myself within its walls so unwittingly! And this night of all others. There is some Fate in it. I take it for an omen. Another year and she shall reign here."

A sudden smile lightened the gloom of his face. He had uttered these words with more passion than thought, but as they left his lips he thrilled; they sounded like prophecy, and under this brighter influence he flung himself upon the bed, dressed as he was, and slept.

The next day was wild and stormy. Why should he return to the city? "Stay and I will show you the house from top to toe. Strangers say it is worth seeing, though I think it a dreadfully dreary old cranny."

Thus pleaded Kate.

He who had been so unwilling to come but yesterday now yielded readily to this proposition. This house had once been Alice's home. It was the closest association he could form with her. And he determined, what you will see.

Kate had shown him the house from top to toe, and he had thought it worth the seeing; not because it belonged to a past age, and revealed quaint wainscoting, and specimens of architecture which the old Dutch builder had brought over years ago from his native land, but because it had once been HER home.

"Kate, I like this house," he said; "I have never seen one that I like better. Is your father much attached to it, do you think?"

"He likes it, I know; but we have only lived here for a few months. There are no associations connected with it to make him specially attached. Why?"

"Kate, I want it; I want to buy it."

"You!" and Kate opened wide her eyes. "Are you going to be married, Robert?"

His lips trembled; his cheek flushed with emotion. Then he answered,

"I told you, Kate, last night that I had lost the dearest friend I ever had. I should never marry any other."

Again Kate evinced her wisdom by keeping silence. She asked him no questions.

After dinner that day Mr. Marsden sat smoking with his wife and nephew in the little left-hand parlor. They had been talking about the place, its advantages and disadvantages, when Weymer suddenly astonished his uncle with the words,

"I wish you would sell to me."

"To you! This place! What can you want of it?"

"It suits me. I want to live here."

The other bent forward. "You are not going to be—"

"No, no," the younger man interrupted quickly. "I have taken a fancy to this house, and am tired of hotel life. I met Mrs. Kinly, my father's old housekeeper, the other day, and she is ready to take me in charge again. It would seem like home once more."

"But why not go back to Fernden? The distance from the city is less, the surrounding country more agreeable, and the house not only handsomer but more commodious. You have there the benefit of all modern improvements. I should much prefer it."

"Should you? Then let us make an exchange, uncle."

"Yes; that would be a good joke," Mr. Marsden laughed.

"No; I am in earnest, Uncle Ben."

His host dropped his cigar.

"In earnest! You don't mean to say, Robert, that you are in earnest when you suggest exchanging Fernden, with all its natural and artificial advantages, for this out-of-the-way neglected estate of Holly Hill?"

"I do mean to say that I never was more in earnest in my life. Look here, Uncle Ben. I appreciate in Holly Hill just what you don't care for. Its oddity, its possible romantic history, and especially its age, which suggests a long line of hereditary descent, whereat you laugh. What is Fernden to me, new and splendid—two things which I don't care for."

"But, Robert—"

"I know all you would say, Sir; that, if you should entertain the idea of this exchange, it seems like unfair advantage, etc., of my romantic folly. My dear uncle, it is a folly I have had all my life, and which *I* call a taste. I have never desired to possess a home like Fernden because it was modern and fine. I have always desired to possess just such a queer old ancestral affair as this. It is a mere difference in taste between us. Come, what do you say?"

Mr. Marsden had very little to say. He looked upon Fernden as the most desirable place he knew. It was in every way more advantageous to him than Holly Hill, which he had bought as the only available residence then in the market, on his return from abroad.

So the thing was decided, and Robert went up to town, much happier than he went down, caring very little that the matter-of-fact Mr. Marsden thought him a romantic young fool.

Yes, happier than he had been for a long time. One step seemed taken toward his object. Why, he could scarcely have told; but to live in the house she had once lived in, to tread the floors she had once trod, seemed a link between her and him.

III.

IT was early morning; bright and clear the sun shone on the snow-covered roofs, the wide, lonely street, and the tall, ice-glittering masts down the bay. In this wide, lonely street—a street in the outskirts of the city, where it was neither fashionable nor mean, but simply respectable—there stood an old time-stained house, which had never been other than it looked now, plain and unpretending. The faded paint, the rusty blinds, the sunken gate at the garden entrance, only gave it an air of decay which touched it with a dignity it had never worn in its green and white freshness.

In this early morning hour a lady stands at one of the windows gazing down upon the still street with a pensive, abstracted air.

The face is youthful enough and full of subtle beauty, but there are marks of trial and experience in it. Yet hope and courage still shine from her eyes. Though obscured, her spirit is brave, and her imagination fresh and ardent.

The room wherein she stands is very plain and simple, almost shabby. Only the most ordinary necessaries furnish it—a worn and faded carpet, three chairs, a table, and a stove. The table is spread for breakfast. The cloth is snowy white, and the few dishes are of delicate old china. But it would not need this to tell any one that the occupant of the room was a woman born to better fortune than surrounds her now. Her very presence makes the carpet look less faded, the furniture less shabby, and lends a softer aspect, which is almost grace, to the poor apartment.

Presently her head turns from the window, and she leaves it altogether to meet the person who enters—a man, slender and pale, with a figure once erect, now somewhat bent and twisted by disease. But the face was a strange one. It was furrowed by pain, and care, and disappointment; by loss, and desolation, and bitterness; but over it all was flung a smiling mask of endurance. The blue eyes were undaunted at ill fortune, at physical suffering. The firm mouth held a serenity which you felt was habitual. It was the endurance of pride and lonely courage, the serenity of disdain, which said, "Though defeated, I scorn to complain."

There was a morning greeting, simple enough, yet tinctured with the flower of a courtesy which would have graced a palace as it did that poor room.

And then a little maid entered with a steaming tray, and Alice Rosemere poured her father's coffee, while he talked to her now and then in as gracious a manner as he had ever done in the old brilliant times. But in their conversation there never mingled allusions to the past society they had kept. Tacitly, by that mutual understanding which fine sympathy gives, they avoided all painful topics, yet with no appearance of avoidance. The inexhaustible subjects of books, of art, and even science—for Alice Rosemere had been associated with her father too closely not to have caught something of the spirit of his favorite study—these subjects were enough to fill the days, and to banish others less congenial. And this first picture of their mode of life was the picture of every day. They rose early, sometimes breakfasting at sunrise in the shorter days; and afterward, while Alice attended to household cares, assisted by this one little maid—she who had been served all her life by half a score—her father read and looked over piles of papers. Then, while it was yet too early for any possible meeting of former associates, they took their daily walk. And returning, as invariably, a small desk was wheeled out from an inner room, and the day's occupation begun—that of author and amanuensis.

Sitting there by the window which looked into an obscure side-garden of tangled weeds, his paralyzed right hand and arm lying helpless upon an arm of the chair, with his other, Mr. Rosemere now and then, by eloquent gestures, kept pace with the brilliant and startling thoughts that flowed from his lips in a low but untiring voice. Opposite him, Alice rapidly transferred these thoughts in phonographic characters to paper, her own face lightening as his lightened, with pride, or earnestness, or aspiration.

But one day the work was finished. Alice looked up with the words:

"When will it be out, father?"

"On Christmas-day."

A shade flitted momentarily across her face, and she shrank a little as if something had hurt her. Then immediately:

"I am glad it is so soon."

He smiled, a musing, triumphant smile, and said, absently:

"Yes; I think it must succeed."

Succeed! She smiled too.

"It must succeed with such heralding. Read this, father;" and as she spoke she handed him a newspaper and pointed to a paragraph.

It was one of those paragraphs that say so little and imply so much.

"We understand from the publisher of the so and so magazine, that he has in press a work from the pen of the author of those brilliant papers which have from time to time appeared under the titles, etc., etc."

Then it darkly hinted at the probable authorship hidden under the modest *nom de plume*. A hint of course widely astray.

Rosemere's face flushed with satisfaction, but at the same time a sarcasm was on his lip as he read.

And Christmas-day came round again. It was ushered in with bright skies and life-giving airs, but to Robert Weymer, sitting at his lonely fireside in the dark oak parlor at Holly Hill that morning, there was little of brightness.

Where were his prophecies, his plans of last year? Alas, "Man proposes, but God disposes." And he muttered this half aloud, as he looked out with that old wistful gaze upon the ice-bound country. Vainly had he sought her whom he loved. He had spent time and energy, and used every means in his power, and to no purpose. Where was she, oh, where was she? While he dwelt under her roof amidst luxury and ease, she might be suffering poverty's sharpest stings. How often had he thought of this as he had sat in these rooms for the past year. But this day at least he would keep fitly for her sake. He would sit at no feast; only slenderest fare and loneliness should be his portion.

Mrs. Kinly in vain tried to rebel. She would have had him dine sumptuously. But no. "Have what you like for yourself, Mrs. Kinly, but I wish to be alone, that is all."

Mrs. Kinly was anxious.

"Whatever could ail the young gentleman?"

But by-and-by she was a little relieved. One of his friends had come to see him, and she ushered him into the presence of her master with a secret delight.

Robert Weymer was not specially glad to see this visitor—his good-natured cousin, Harry Marsden; and he asked,

"What brings you here to-day, Harry?"

"Oh, I was riding up from the valley, and thought I'd look in upon you. It's rather shabby of you, Bob, not to come over to us for dinner. Kate 'll be with us, you know. Hullo! So you've got this book that all the big-wigs are nodding their heads over!" taking up a book that lay upon the table.

Robert looked up in some surprise at his cousin, who cared little for such literature as this—a strange new book of philosophical and scientific essays.

But Harry explained.

"Dickey Lane was over last night. Dickey's uncle is the publisher of this, you know; and he told us what a time they've had over the mystery of the affair."

"Mystery?"

"What! You know nobody can find out who the author is even now, don't you?"

No; he knew nothing. And Robert settled himself wearily to hear a story about which he felt no interest, yearning for silence, for solitude, to shut out these careless, light-hearted tones, which brought no answering light-heartedness to him.

"Well, it's the oddest thing," Harry went on. "The whole correspondence conducted through the post, up to this time, under the name of Ross; but nobody believes it's Ross, you know. And then the handwriting—a woman's! Dickey gave me a scrap of a letter his uncle let him have. See. It's graceful, but bold enough. *I* say it's a man's. What do you think?"

Weymer took the slip of paper carelessly; but as his eyes fell upon the characters he was suddenly transformed. A burning flush rose to his cheek; then sudden pallor succeeded. He rose, went to the window, stood with his back toward his cousin for a few moments, then turning, asked, in his ordinary tones, with no trace of his strange emotion:

"Will you lend me this a while, Harry?"

"I'll give it to you. I don't care for it. Dickey seemed to think he was offering me 'great things,' so I took it!" the young man answered, laughing. "But, bless my soul! is your clock right? I must be off in a hurry! So you won't come with me and eat of our Christmas turkey, Robert?"

"Not to-day. Good-by!" And Robert Weymer closed the door after his guest with a deep breath of relief. Then he turned to the window again with that scrap of paper.

That handwriting! Well he knew that in his desk there lay a note whose graceful but bold chirography could match this, line by line. The mystery so dark to others was clear to him. He knew Mr. Rosemere's tastes. He knew something of his deep yet brilliant mind. And plainly rose before his inward vision those two working together. The father with his paralyzed right arm, bidding defiance to poverty and misfortune in the presence of such true and tender aid.

And now surely he would make himself known. He would come forth from his obscurity to receive the praise which awaited him!

Then Robert Weymer's heart stood still. No, no, he must find her before this acknowledgment of the world had found them, else he might be misjudged. They knew nothing of his long search.

He must find her! When? "Now! This very day! This very hour! There was no time to lose." As he said this, all the passion, all the fervor, all the power of the last two years seemed to pass into his soul. It mounted to his brain. A dizziness overcame him, and for momentary relief he flung himself down upon the couch.

Softly as night falls over the weary day did sleep descend upon him then. Brief slumber, but a lifetime seemed compressed within its limits. He awoke with an eager start, an exclamation—the next minute, cool and clear, recollection came.

Down the mystic reaches of slumber where had his soul wandered? What had he seen?

He had seen a wide and lonely street, and overlooking it a lonely house, old, and faded, and shabby. He had seen himself walking along the deserted pavement. He had seen at the window of this lonely house a face look out and smile upon him. HER face!

Where was this lonely street? Where this lonely house? Did it exist only in the strange phantasy of a dream? But no, he had surely beheld that sandy point of shore to the right, he had surely observed that view of the bay, the masts, the spars and rigging, lying darkly outlined against the sky!

Suddenly it flashed upon him. He remembered that unfrequented portion of the city, where the street, sandy and bleak, went winding off to shore. He remembered the desolate appearance of its dwellings. And perhaps this lonely house was indeed among them. Perhaps that face at the window—he sprang up. The old clock over the mantle struck the half hour. He had yet time to gain the station, to take the train for town.

Alice had just read the letter from the publisher her father had brought in so late last night. It was cordial and flattering, but it was curious.

It pressed politely yet pointedly the mutual benefit of personal acquaintance.

She looked up, smiling. "Well, will you—"

"Not yet, not yet," he interrupted, meeting her thought.

"No"—and he bent musing over the fire, a smile of soft scorn wreathing his firm lips—"no, I am not ready to meet them yet."

As he mused the soft scorn melted away, and the expression his face wore when lost in contemplation resumed its place. Once or twice he glanced about the room with a look which seemed to say, "This life, so solitary and so simple, has its charms for me. It is the life of a student, and I am reaping its results."

Alice herself seemed to reflect something of this feeling as she slowly turned the leaves of that beloved book with which she had become so identified. But there were times when wistful pain came into those golden eyes, and the proud lips yielded to passionate regret. It came now as the far sound of Christmas chimes floated in to her. Closing the book she turned her face away from her father's possible observation; but it was unnecessary. In a few moments he rose and went out for his solitary walk below the bend of the hill, where the shoreward path led over deserted plains and trackless wastes, which suited well his thoughtful moods. And left alone she gave herself up to the memories those chiming bells suggest. Memories that a few faltering words betray, dropped half unconsciously through quivering lips:

"That *he* should have failed me!" And as she spoke the bells clanged mournfully in tones of Cross and Passion.

Lost in these reveries she does not hear that unusual parley below with the little maid whose amazed voice denies the existence of any Miss Rosemere within those walls.

"My mistress's name is Ross, Sir—Miss Ross."

But the visitor pushes past her.

And Alice does not hear the opening door, nor note her guest, until, through all the clanging bells, the tide of memory, that voice—the voice of him she thought had failed her—meets her ear. In what burning words does he explain the past, does he tell the eloquent tale of his devotion? By what tender phrase has he soothed her pain, her weariness, has he so suddenly summoned back the mystic light within those golden eyes? Oh, spirit of Love, make answer! She only knows the earth is fair again, that faith and hope are singing on throughout the world, and Heaven is very near.

When Mr. Rosemere returns even his impassible face shows evidence of amazement as he perceives this unbidden guest. Then he listens to a story which awakens still deeper wonder: a story told simply enough, in a few manly words, of this long love and unwearying search.

Beneath the cold and proud exterior of Henry Rosemere, far beneath all the cynicism and smiling unbelief, there lurked a passionate heart and a vivid imagination. And as he listened to this tale of constancy, related as one man would speak to another, in brief and calm phrases, his heart was touched and his imagination thrilled. He felt all the fire and fervor which was left unspoken—all the enduring devotion, the steadfast will. And looking into the speaker's face, he thought:

"Here is a nature that is both steady and ardent, a soul undaunted and faithful." Heroic elements which he knew how to appreciate. "Robert," he said, as soon as the other had concluded, "I loved your father. He was my closest friend. You shall be my son. God bless you!"

And turning, he left the room.

This instant appreciation and fine comprehension were not the only strange delights of surprise to Robert Weymer on this strange day. If the Rosemeres were proud it was the pride of lofty natures. Such pride, where it trusts, trusts royally. And giving largely, it accepts as largely. Thus it was that when their guest spoke of his new home that Mr. Rosemere, doubly subdued by this delicate proof of unvarying intensity of feeling, overcoming the old pain of association, himself suggested what the other could not.

And so it came to pass that on that Christmas-day, as her lover had wildly and passionately vowed, Alice reigned at Holly Hill. But long before another Christmas came round—ay, long before the spring-buds of that year had blossomed in the garden and the wood—she reigned there indeed, not temporarily, as on that single day, but for all days of every year.

And Henry Rosemere? Again he was quits with the world. No longer prostrate, suffering defeat, and at the mercy of her pity; but crowned with success and triumphant, an honorable and prosperous future before him. Hand to hand now, face to face, he would meet her. His pride was appeased.

THE UNITED STATES IRON-CLAD MONITOR "WEEHAWKEN" IN THE STORM OF 20TH JANUARY.—[SEE PAGE 95.]

MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER.

WE publish herewith a portrait of MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER, who has just been appointed to the command of the Army of the Potomac, in lieu of General Burnside.

Major-General Joseph Hooker was born in Massachusetts about the year 1817, and is consequently about 45 years of age. He entered West Point in 1833, and graduated in 1837, standing No. 28 in a class which included Generals Benham, Williams, Sedgwick, etc., of the Union army, and Generals Bragg, Mackall, and Early of the rebel forces. At the outbreak of the war with Mexico he accompanied Brigadier-General Hamer as Aid-de-camp, and was brevetted Captain for gallant conduct in several conflicts at Monterey. In March, 1847, he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Captain. At the National Bridge he distinguished himself, and was brevetted Major; and at Chapultepec he again attracted attention by his gallant and meritorious conduct, and was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel.

At the close of the war with Mexico he withdrew from the service, and soon afterward emigrated to California. The outbreak of the rebellion found him there, and he was one of the first of the old West Pointers who offered his services to the Government. He was one of the first batch of Brigadier-Generals of Volunteers appointed by President Lincoln on 17th May, 1861; and was, on his arrival, placed in command of a brigade of the army of the Potomac, and subsequently of a division. From July, 1861, to February, 1862, he was stationed in Southern Maryland, on the north shore of the Potomac, his duty being to prevent the rebels crossing the river, and to amuse them with their river blockade while M'Clellan was getting his army into trim. This difficult duty he performed admirably.

When the army of the Potomac moved to the Peninsula, Hooker accompanied them in charge of a division. In the contest at Williamsburg his division bravely stood the brunt of the battle, the men of the Excelsior Brigade actually being mowed down as they stood up in line. At Fair Oaks the men again showed their valor, and the General his fighting qualities. In the various minor contests Hooker took his part and bravely went through with his share of the seven days' fights. When M'Clellan's army was placed under the command of General Pope, we find the names of "Fighting Joe Hooker" and the late General Kearney mentioned together in the thickest of the struggle; and again at South Mountain and Sharpsburg he seems to have been second to no one. At the latter fight he was shot through the foot and obliged to leave the field; but for this accident, he thinks he would have driven the rebels into the Potomac.

After the battle he sent the following report to General M'Clellan:

CENTREVILLE, MD., *Sept.* 17, 1862.

Major-General M'Clellan:

A great battle has been fought, and we are victorious. I had the honor to open it yesterday afternoon, and it continued until ten o'clock this morning, when I was wounded and compelled to quit the field. The battle was fought with great violence on both sides. The carnage has been awful. I only regret that I was not permitted to take part in the operations until they were concluded, for I had counted on either capturing their army or driving them into the Potomac. My wound has been painful, but is not one that will be likely to lay me up. I was shot through the foot. J. HOOKER, Brigadier-General.

On the reorganization of the army under General Burnside, General Hooker was given the command of one of the three grand Divisions into which it was distributed. He commanded his Division at Fredericksburg, but took no active part in the fight.

The *Herald* gives the following memoranda of him:

In person General Hooker is very tall, erect, compactly, but not heavily built, extremely muscular, and of great physical endurance, of a light complexion, a fresh, ruddy countenance, full, clear mild eyes, intellectual head, brown hair, slightly tinged with gray—and altogether one of the most commanding officers in his bearing and appearance in the army.

In social intercourse he is frank, unpretending, and courteous, removing embarrassment from even the humblest personage who approaches him. It is only when at the head of his command and in the storm of battle that he arrays himself in the stern and lofty aspect of the commanding military chieftain.

Perhaps it may not be uninteresting to our readers to learn how the subject of our sketch obtained the now historic name of "Fighting Joe Hooker." On one occasion, after a battle, in which General Hooker's men had distinguished themselves for their fighting qualities, thus adding to the fame of their commander, a dispatch to the New York Associated Press was received at the office of one of the principal agencies announcing the fact. One of the copyists, wishing to show in an emphatic manner that this commander was really a fighting man, placed over the head of the manifold copies of the dispatch the words "Fighting Joe Hooker." Of course this heading went to nearly every newspaper office of the country, through the various agencies, and was readily adopted by the editors and printed in their journals. The *sobriquet* was also adopted by the army and by the press, and is now well known all over the world. Thus an unpretending, innocent copyist, unaware that he was making history, prefixed to this General's name a title that will live forever in the annals of the country.

But it appears that General Hooker does not like his title; for, on one occasion, when called so by a friend, he is reported to have said, "Don't call me Fighting Joe, for that name has done and is doing me incalculable injury. It makes a portion of the public think that I am a hot-headed, furious young fellow, accustomed to making furious and needless dashes at the enemy." By this remark it would appear that, although he has the characteristic of undoubted bravery and boldness, he still possesses some of that prudence and caution without which no general can be great.

General Hooker's friends in California have prepared a handsome testimonial in remembrance of his past services. It is a sword of the finest steel, with belt thickly studded with diamonds, a scabbard of solid silver, heavily and richly mounted with gold. The cost of this magnificent sword will be between $4000 and $5000. The inscriptions are as follows:

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER,
FROM HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS OF SAN FRANCISCO,
December 25, 1862.
Williamsburg—Fair Oaks—Glendale—Malvern Hill—
Bull Run—Germantown—South Mountain—
Antietam.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER, THE NEW COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

ONE of our correspondents, Mr. Oertel, has illustrated one of the few amenities of war, the INTERCHANGE OF CIVILITIES BETWEEN TWO MOUNTED PICKETS on the Upper Rappahannock. "When the war first broke out the pickets on either side used to fire at each other on sight, and it gave our officers a good deal of trouble to check the murderous practice. The rule is now the other way. The pickets no sooner find themselves within hailing distance than they begin to converse; and the chat generally ends in an interchange of rations, liquor, and newspapers. This custom is severely reprobated by most of our Generals, but is very common nevertheless. Mr. Oertel writes: "During the recent engagement at Fredericksburg it was a most essential precaution to guard against a flank movement by the enemy, and the fords above on the river were vigilantly watched. This important duty was assigned to the Sixth New York Cavalry, who by former experience knew all the fords and roads thereabout well, and they were there by special order of General Burnside, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel M'Vicar. They are at the post still. The duty is arduous, and one of danger, being at the extreme right, and in sight and within easy reach of the enemy. The pickets sometimes meet, by special agreement, in the middle of the river, first laying down their arms at their respective shores, and in this wise they friendly converse, and exchange such commodities as tobacco and newspapers."

MEETING OF UNION AND REBEL PICKETS IN THE RAPPAHANNOCK.—[SKETCHED BY MR. OERTEL.]

OUR HISTORY.

ABROAD in the breeze waves our starry flag,
Beneath its folds toil we.
While other nations their harvests reap,
And some are at play, and some asleep,
We are writing our history.

We write—not one to labor alone,
But thousands hold the pen.
Delicate youth and hoary age
Leave a record upon the page,
Fair women and stalwart men.

What does our history speak about,
What story does it tell?
It tells of struggles, of hopes, and fears,
Of heavy losses, and bitter tears
(The world knows the lesson well!);

Of gallant deeds to make one thrill,
And perils by land and sea;
Of children leaving their mother's side
To strike one blow, in their childish pride,
For the country of the free.

Oh! scornful world, watching without,
"Stricken of God!" ye say?
Nay, through the cloud, as our fathers trod,
We are marching onward to meet our God,
His promise our only stay.

What though the sword from its scabbard leap,
And cannon the echoes wake!
Though thousands are falling beside us— Still
We follow boldly, for 'tis His will.
That we suffer for Freedom's sake!

O not one star from our flag shall fade!
There our Father bade them be,
And said if we kept them free from stain
They should form forever a golden chain
To bind us to Liberty.

And so, though foreign foes would beguile,
And traitorous voices call;
Though armed hosts meet us at every turn,
On bended knees an oath we have sworn,
That our banner shall never fall!

There is hardly a house where every chair
Is filled as it might have been,
Were there no blank sheets in our history,
To be filled ere another year we see—
And faster travels the pen.

It matters not, O doubting world!
That our labor be hard or long,
For never by man was a good work wrought
But angels first with the devil fought,
Yet Right will conquer Wrong.

Float on in the breeze, thou flag of hope!
Bravely beneath toil we!
While other nations their harvests reap,
With glorious *deeds* for memory's keep,
We are writing our history.

POOR PHIL!

IT was a mystery to me; why Bob Lyons should fight so shy of Nellie Waterman, the prettiest girl in the place, I couldn't for my life imagine! He had been badly hit at Fredericksburg, and was home on sick-leave; and every day her carriage stopped at Mr. Lyons's door (by-the-way, it was worth the waiting for, to see the foot and ankle that she showed in getting out) with a basket of hot-house fruit, or flowers that she had arranged herself (and she did those things like a French woman), or the last feuilleton, for Lieutenant Lyons. But though Bob could hear her well enough, from the little room at the head of the stairs that he called his den, he never took the smallest notice, except to growl out something very like an oath from under his mustache, or, if in the parlors, to hobble away as fast as possible, for fear of meeting her. The flowers he wouldn't let into his room, but left them to wither in the outer hall; the fruit he gave the children; the books he tossed over to his sisters with a contemptuous grunt. In short, if Nellie Waterman had been the cholera, instead of a handsome, stylish girl, he could hardly have avoided her more persistently, obstinately refusing to give any other reason for his unaccountable conduct than that it was his whim.

Nothing, however, is quite so hard to prison as secrets. Relax your vigilance ever so little, and the things will be on the house-top in spite of you. And so one day out popped Bob's skeleton, like a Jack-in-the-box, and he told me all that was in his heart.

It was in answer to some remark of mine about Nellie Waterman, who had just passed. Bob turned his back squarely to the window, and sent his cigar savagely into the fire.

"I had as lief see a toad," he said—"rather, for it wouldn't be necessary to be civil to the spotted animal. Do you remember what Jule was reading the other night—something of Ruskin's, I think, about girls with spots of blood on their ball-dresses, and grave-weeds twined in their wreaths? Well, I swear I never see this one without thinking that her dainty hands are red with blood, and that her beautiful bright hair is thick-twisted with the willow that shades Phil Seldon's grave. Poor dear old Phil! he wore her false face over his heart when he went down. Worthless as he had proved her to be, he could never quite give her up. I had known her from a child, and warned him of his danger, and the only shadow that ever fell on our friendship came between us then. There never was a man more thoroughly infatuated. He thought her pink and white face the incarnation of purity; her downcast looks he took for modesty; and it was useless to tell him that, besides her pretty face, she was simply tight lacing, flounces, and French novels.

"She was, in his idea, womanly perfection—physical, mental, and moral. And she threw him over, of course—flirted with him till she was tired, then dropped him. When he insisted on some reason for this wrecking of his hopes, closed her doors against him by way of answer. He came back looking like a ghost. Could you have seen him, you could scarcely have dreamed that this was our old sunshiny Phil.

"I hate women when I think of it. Leave out my mother and sisters, and all the crinoline and grimacing in the world are not worth his dear old face, though he never looked cheerful after that, unless he was on some specially dangerous service—some risky reconnoitring or picket duty, affording him an excellent chance of being killed. Then he used to light up with a sort of grim satisfaction, because, he told me once, the excitement left him no time to think; adding, mournfully, that he should be dubbed the greatest coward in the regiment could it but be known with what dread he looked forward to his long, sleepless nights, and those listless days when only the ordinary routine was going on.

"We were, before Fredericksburg—or rather, the river that separated it from us. Phil had just come back from ——, where he had been sent on a secret mission, having also improved his short furlough to come on here, and get himself stabbed to the heart afresh. He had seen Nellie; she had received him coldly at first—scarcely spoken to him, in fact; but relenting by degrees, suffered him to plead his cause again, and raised his hopes only to dash them more fatally to the ground.

"He came back utterly desperate. We were getting ready for the bombardment, and he threw himself into the preparations with the zeal and spirit of twenty men. Every thing was as peaceful as if Nature was holding her breath to watch us. The sky looked down on us so solemnly that, though I don't know what ever put it in my head at such a time, I could think of nothing but that other winter's night when it was bright with angels praising God, and proclaiming peace on earth. The water seemed to hush itself, as if afraid to ripple. In the stillness we could hear the barking of their dogs and the melancholy chiming of the town-clock sounding out the hour; while on our side the only noise was the rumbling of artillery as we got the batteries into position, and the heavy roll of the pontoon trains going down to the river-bank. It sounded like thunder in our ears; but they kept as dead silence as if they were all in an enchanted sleep till our men had pushed off and fairly gotten the bridge under way. Then—

"I don't know whether they suspected what we were at or not, or whether it was a part of their cursed strategy to get as many targets as possible under fire; but when they did at last commence they made sharp work of it, as well they might, since, comfortably stowed away in cellars and houses on the bank, they had only to cut us down at their leisure. Shot and shell from our batteries proved unavailing; the city indeed was fired, but the foxes were not unearthed, and three times our brave fellows were beaten back, and brought their dead and wounded up the bank to fill the floors of the Lacy House.

"By this time it was morning, and we had procured a train with solid shot from Aquia; the rebels, who had stopped firing, commenced again, and the light struggling up showed us, as the sulphurous fog cleared away, Fredericksburg burning like a second Moscow. The solid shot plunged through brick and stone like so much paper, but a fresh effort to lay the bridge proved also unavailing, the rebel sharp-shooters dropping our men like so many nine-pins.

"Then it was that Burnside called for volunteers, and that the Seventh Michigan and our regiment (the Nineteenth Massachusetts) responded. As we marched out, Phil came quickly up to Mark Gifford, his brother-in-law, who was at my side.

"'You have a wife and little child to leave,' he said. 'I have none, and never shall. Let me go in your place; wait (as Mark was going to refuse) and hear me. If you are obstinate I will still go; I swear it, even if I swim after the boats; so there will be simply two to mourn for in the homestead if you persist.'

"He was in such desperate earnest, and the time was so short, for the regiment was already moving on, and Mark, never as resolute a man as Phil, was so taken by surprise that he stepped back, and Phil took the place by my side and rushed on with us. As said Captain Ward at Bunker Hill, when we went down that bank I no more dreamed of ever coming alive out of that rain of fire than of going to heaven in Elijah's fiery chariot. As we crouched behind the boats and the piles of lumber the balls came in among us like hailstones. Phil got a slight scratch, and a ball carried off my cap as if it had come expressly for it. Not that we left all the firing to the rebels. We did a little sharp-shooting on our own account, quite respectable in its way, and keeping them about as busy as they kept us, till our guns began to speak again; then we pushed for the boats, got into them pell-mell, and made off. Such a crossing! It wasn't exactly a sail by moonlight, I can tell you. I never imagined such a din possible, unless at the day of judgment. Crack! crack! from those deadly rifles, and our poor fellows dropping at every shot, though lying low as possible in the boats. Our batteries thundering away, waking up the echoes, that rolled back on us as if they were having a battle of their own. I don't believe I ever shall again experience quite such honest astonishment as I felt on landing with my head still on my shoulders.

"I panted out something of this sort to Phil, who answered with a stern smile and something about the ides of March, only half heard, as we rushed up the bank and after the rebels scampering out of every rifle-pit, and from behind every stone-wall, springing up as if they had been a sort of fungus growth of legs warranted to make good time before Yankee bayonets.

"Most of them escaped, but some either couldn't or wouldn't run. One of these fellows Phil started. A surly brute, just showing his grizzly head out of a cellar door, and evidently meaning to die game. I called out as I saw the man taking deliberate aim at Phil, coming straight to him; but he just turning his head in answer, and showing me the same strained, reckless look that he had worn all that day, went on one step further—got the ball in his heart; for he was dead when I reached him.

"I was on his murderer before he had time to load again, and I think I should have beaten him down as I did then had he been Samson; rage and grief made a giant of me. But, after all, what was his worthless life? It can never comfort those who weep for Phil in the old homestead, where he lies buried, done to death—poor, loving, generous heart!—by that woman, whom I long, every time I meet her, to call Murderess!"

CAPTURE OF THE POST OF ARKANSAS.

WE publish on page 81 an illustration of the BOMBARDMENT OF THE POST OF ARKANSAS on the Arkansas River, by Admiral Porter's fleet, on January 11. Our picture is from a sketch transmitted by the correspondent of the *Herald*, and kindly placed at our disposition. We also give portraits of ADMIRAL PORTER and GENERAL M'CLERNAND, the heroes of the affair.

On 10th January the land forces, under the command of General M'Clernand, and the flotilla, under Admiral Porter, ascended the river, and the former disembarked with a view of surrounding the work. During the night the gun-boats fired a few shots at the work, and next morning, the troops being in position, the work commenced in earnest. The *Herald* correspondent says:

THE BOMBARDMENT.

It was five minutes past one when the gun-boats *Baron DeKalb*, *Cincinnati*, and *Louisville*, all iron-clads, steamed up to within about three hundred yards of the fort, and opened fire upon it. Just so soon as the gun-boats hove in sight, and before they fired a shot, the fort opened on them. On a sort of sandy beach, by the bend in the river, the rebels had erected several targets, which were to assist them in aiming at the gun-boats. Barricades had also been placed in the river opposite the fort; but the high-water had washed part of them away and left the channel open. The bombardment increased in rapidity as other vessels of the squadron came into position. It took some time to get good range of the casemated guns and the barbette gun on the fort. The *Baron DeKalb* had orders from the Admiral to fire at the right hand casemate, the *Louisville* at the middle one, and the *Cincinnati* at the great 9-inch Dahlgren gun *en barbette*. In half an hour after the bombardment commenced the casemates were struck by the shell from the gun-boats. When the range was obtained the shells from the gun-boats struck the guns in the fort almost every shot, until every one was silenced and smashed. The *Cincinnati* fired shrapnell at first and cleared the crew away from the 9-inch Dahlgren gun on the parapet, when the *Baron DeKalb* broke off the muzzle with a 10-inch shot. The *Lexington*, light draught, Lieutenant-Commander James W. Shirk, moved up at two o'clock, and with her rifled guns replied to the Parrott rifled guns in the fort, while the *Rattler*, Lieutenant-Commander Walter Smith, and the *Gilde*, Lieutenant-Commander Woodworth, threw in shrapnell, and in company with the ram *Monarch*, Colonel Charles E. Ellet, of the army, commanding, pushed up close to the fort. Each of the gun-boats silenced the gun it was instructed to fire at about the same time. At twenty minutes past two all the heavy smooth bore and rifled guns in the fort were most effectually silenced. The *Black Hawk*, Lieutenant-Commander K. R. Breese, the Admiral's flag-ship, steamed up and took part in the fight. The Admiral himself, with his secretary, Dr. Heap, was in the little tug which was all the time screaming and dancing about among the gun-boats, directing and superintending the fight.

THE LAND ATTACK.

The first gun from the fleet was the signal for the soldiers to move, and Morgan and Sherman immediately pushed forward their men, and were met by a fierce fire from the rebel works. The *Herald* correspondent thus describes the crisis and end of the fight:

The troops in front were now sharply engaging the rebels in their works, while our artillery, and their field-pieces behind the breast-work near the fort, were blazing away at each other with great rapidity. In one instance the rebels galloped the horses up to the parapet with a gun, and when the horses wheeled with it, in order that it might be placed in position, our infantry fire killed all the horses in the traces, and the artillerists scampered off in an instant and left their gun. At a shot from one of our Parrott guns, which knocked one of the timbers from the breast-work, at least a hundred rebels ran away from behind the intrenchment into the bastioned fort. Our caissons were now coming from the front for ammunition. At ten minutes past three most of Morgan's men were in line, and the remainder were forming in columns in the rear. In five minutes more they were advancing with vigor. Sharp musketry and artillery firing was kept up all the time. At twenty minutes past three a heavy column of Morgan's men was seen moving up to the left of the line, near the river bank. It was at first supposed that it might be a storming column rushing on the works at a double-quick, for it is well known that when Morgan moves, he moves with vigor; but the next we knew the advancing column, enveloped in clouds of smoke, had halted. It was not a storming column. It was a body that was moving quickly to the front to extend the advancing line.

The time now was fifteen minutes past three. The fight was quite severe on both sides. Although the heavy guns in the fort were silenced, the field-pieces and the infantry behind the parapet with great determination continued to resist our vigorous advance. Our line extended from the river on the left round in front of the fort, and to the bayou on the right. The engagement was general along its whole extent. Morgan sent word that his left was advancing steadily, and, as the gun-boats commanded the river, he had sent for Lindsay's brigade to return from the other side.

It was now nearly four o'clock. The Admiral's flag-ship was coming close to the bank, and, with the other gun-boats, was pouring shot into the fort; Lindsay's brigade, across the river, was also firing into the works, while Morgan's and Sherman's men were advancing fast in front. The white flag was seen in several places on the parapet; enthusiastic cheers arose from our troops in front; the firing ceased; the rebels rose from behind the breast-work; and our troops rushed wildly forward, with flags flying; and many could not resist the rush behind, which pushed them into and over the intrenchments. The fort had surrendered.

TAKING POSSESSION.

He adds:

The moment the lieutenant in the tree had reported the cheering along the line and had concluded with "I believe the fort has surrendered," General M'Clernand and staff dashed off, and were soon in the enemy's intrenchments, surrounded by thousands of the men. When the flag was shown on the river side the jolly Jack Tars had jumped ashore and were soon in the fort, followed by Admiral Porter and a number of his officers. Colonel Dunnington, commander of the fort, surrendered his sword to the Admiral in person. General Churchill, commander of the forces, soon appeared with his staff, and surrendered himself and his troops to General M'Clernand. "I am sorry to meet you under such circumstances," said General M'Clernand; "but your men fought bravely to-day in defending the fort." General Churchill replied, that for himself he had not intended to surrender; that there was treachery somewhere on his lines; that he had ridden to the left with his staff, and on hearing the cheering supposed it was the cheering of his men, but on riding back into the fort had found our troops just taking possession. He said that in the morning he had issued orders to the troops that they must die in the ditches in preference to surrendering the Post. It is certain that the enemy could no longer successfully resist, and also that white flags were shown on the parapets in several places at the same time. Some of the soldiers told me that General Churchill had ordered the surrender. General Churchill told me that he did not; but, on the contrary, that the place was surrendered by traitors on his lines. It may be that the soldiers, seeing that further resistance was useless, concluded to abandon the defense. One thing is certain, there was great unanimity among the rebels in the surrender.

POST OF ARKANSAS.

He thus describes the place:

Post of Arkansas is the oldest settlement in the State. Nearly two centuries ago there was a Spanish town in the immediate vicinity, and I believe a small Spanish fort. It is situated on the right bank as you ascend the Arkansas River, about fifty miles from its mouth, and one hundred and seventeen miles from Little Rock, the capital of the State. It was settled in 1685 by the Acadian French, and was the trading-post for furs from the surrounding country. From the high point on which the fort is constructed down to the Mississippi River the land along the course of the Arkansas overflows during the winter and the spring. There is now no town at Post of Arkansas, only a few stores, and then at intervals for a dozen miles along the river bank an occasional house.

The fort is a regular, square-bastioned work, one hundred yards exterior side, with a deep ditch some fifteen feet wide, and a parapet eighteen feet high. A number of killed and wounded were lying in the ditches when we entered, and many sick soldiers in the hospital. All the heavy guns were broken by our shot, and were lying about in fragments on the ground. Ammunition captured by the rebels in the steamboat *Blue Wing*, a large amount of war materials and supplies of various kinds, and about five thousand prisoners have fallen into our hands by this brilliant achievement of our arms.

ADMIRAL PORTER.

The following sketch of Admiral Porter, who commanded the gun-boat attack, will remind the reader who he is:

ACTING REAR-ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER, the Commander of the Mississippi Flotilla, is the son of the famous Commodore David Porter of the *Essex*, and was born about the year 1814. In 1829 he entered the navy as midshipman on board the *Constellation*, and served six years on that ship and the *United States*. In 1835 he passed his examination, and served six years as passed midshipman on the Coast Survey. In 1841 he was commissioned a lieutenant, and served with that rank on board the *Congress* for four years. After a brief period of service at the Observatory at Washington he was placed on active duty under Commodore Tattnall in the Gulf of Mexico, and took a leading part in the naval operations of the Mexican war. In 1849 he was allowed to take command of one of the Pacific Mail Company's steamers, and remained several years in the service of that Company. While he commanded one of the California steam-ships—the *Crescent City*—he performed an exploit which attracted no little attention at the time. In consequence of the *Black Warrior* affair the Spanish Government had refused to permit any United States vessels to enter the port of Havana. Running under the shotted guns of Moro Castle he was ordered to halt. He promptly replied that he carried the United States flag and the United States mails, and, by the Eternal, he would go in; and he did, the Habaneros fearing to fire upon him. He said afterward that he intended firing his six-pounder at them once, in defiance, after which he would haul down his flag.

At the beginning of the year 1861 he was under orders to join the Coast Survey on the Pacific, but, fortunately, had not left when the rebellion broke out. His name at this time stood number six on the list of lieutenants. The resignation of several naval traitors left room for his advancement, and the "Naval Register" for August 31, 1861, places him number seventy-seven on the list of commanders. He was placed in command of the steam sloop of war *Powhatan*, a vessel of about twenty-five hundred tons, and armed with eleven guns. After doing blockading duty for some time, he left that ship to take special charge of the mortar expedition. The active part he took in the reduction of the forts below New Orleans will make his name ever memorable in connection with the mortar fleet, or "bummers," as the sailors term them. After the capture of New Orleans he, with his fleet, went up the Mississippi River, and was engaged in several affairs on that river, including that of Vicksburg. From that place he was ordered to the James River, and returned in the *Octorara*. When off Charleston, on his way to Fortress Monroe, he fell in with and captured the Anglo-rebel steamer *Tubal Cain*. He was then appointed to the supreme control of all the naval forces on the Mississippi River, with the rank of Acting Rear-Admiral. The force under his orders, in vessels, guns, and men, is larger than has ever heretofore been under the command of any United States naval officer. His squadron is distinct in every way from that of Admiral Farragut, who still commands the Western Gulf Blockading Squadron.

The capture of the Post of Arkansas is the first exploit performed by the Admiral in his new command. We may hope that it will be the precursor of many others.

Admiral Porter is a man of wiry, muscular frame, handsome features, of medium height, and, a few years ago, universally admitted to be the strongest man in the navy. He is about forty-five years old, and exhibits but few marks of age. He is married to a sister of Captain C. P. Patterson, formerly of San Francisco, by whom he has several children. He is most truly "a worthy son of a worthy sire." He belongs to a family of naval patriots; for besides the subject of this sketch, there are in the navy H. B. Porter, acting midshipman, appointed from New York, November 29, 1859; T. K. Porter, master, appointed from Tennessee, May 20, 1852; William C. B. S. Porter, lieutenant, appointed from the District of Columbia, March 25, 1849; and William D. Porter, Commodore, appointed from Massachusetts, January 1, 1823. The last-named commanded the *Essex* gun-boat on the Tennessee River, and fought the rebel ram *Arkansas* on the Mississippi River. Major-General Fitz-John Porter is a cousin of the subject of our sketch, adding another hero to the family.

MAJOR-GENERAL M'CLERNAND.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. M'CLERNAND is a lawyer by profession, and has figured prominently as a leading Democratic politician from Illinois. He was a leader of the Douglas Democrats, and did battle for them valiantly at Charleston. At the outbreak of the war he took sides manfully for the Union, and shortly afterward was nominated a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. In the Belmont fight he manifested that he possessed very good military capacity, and during his administration of military affairs at Cairo he secured the good-will of the men under his command. In the reconnoissance in the rear of Columbus, during the advance upon Fort Henry, and at the grand battle before Fort Donelson, General M'Clernand mani-

fested superior military ability. For his gallantry on these occasions he was, on the 21st of March, made by Congress a Major-General of Volunteers, and accompanied the advance up the Tennessee River toward Savannah. At the battle at Pittsburg Landing he distinguished himself exceedingly. On 2d January he superseded General Sherman in command of the army which was repulsed at Vicksburg, and proceeded immediately to attack the Post of Arkansas as narrated above.

TORPEDOES IN THE WESTERN RIVERS.

THROUGH the politeness of an officer in the navy we are enabled to lay before our readers, on page 85, the picture of a REBEL TORPEDO in one of the Western Rivers. All the tributaries of the Mississippi are filled with these destructive implements of warfare, and the rebels seem to be improving in their manufacture. A year ago our sailors used to laugh at them, and the harmlessness of torpedoes became proverbial. Since the destruction of the *Cairo* in the Yazoo River there have been fewer jests on the subject. These torpedoes are fired off in various ways—some by electricity, from a concealed station on shore—but more of them by friction, as in the sketch. A vessel passing over the torpedo we have illustrated, and scraping one of the floats with her bottom would ignite the two demijohns of powder, and knock a hole in her hull which would cause her to sink in ten minutes. The business of seeking for torpedoes and fishing them up is one of the most exciting and perilous duties of our Western sailors.

THE "WEEHAWKEN" IN THE GALE.

WE illustrate, on page 92, the new Monitor "WEEHAWKEN" in the gale of 20th. Her performance on that occasion was admirable, and set at rest the apprehensions which had been raised by the loss of the original *Monitor*. She proved that she was a sea-worthy vessel, and actually behaved better than the tug which had been sent to take care of her. Her captain, John Rodgers, late of the *Galena*, sent the following telegram to Captain Ericsson on his arrival at Fortress Monroe:

FORTRESS MONROE, *January* 22, 1863.

We have arrived safely, and all well. On Tuesday, about two P.M., had to cast off from the *Boardman* for her safety; weather very threatening. She ran back toward the Delaware Breakwater. Had a hard storm from the northeast on Tuesday night; waves about thirty feet high. Vessel made excellent weather and very little motion. When the *Boardman* left I refused a tow from the *Iroquois*—I am now sure wisely. Yesterday, when the gale had abated, took a tow-line from the *Iroquois*. Deranged her machinery, cast off and came in alone. The *Iroquois* came in under steam, and is now here.

JOHN RODGERS,
Captain iron-clad *Weehawken*.

HOMELESS.

JESSIE, as I came home to-day, I saw
That crippled man upon the flags, we have
So often seen—who moves our pity so.
I watched him crawl along the sunny street
Through heedless crowds, until he reached the place
Where crossings meet; and there he flung aside
His strong companions, those two crutches worn,
And sat him down upon the stones and gazed—
And gazed and gazed. Then, Jessie, all my tears
Rose to my eyes, and in the street I wept
So, I could hardly speak for weeping; but
I came close up to him and paused and said:
"Oh! I could break my heart against these stones
To see you thus. I'd give my limbs to be
Utterly brok'n and torn, if only by
My breaking I could give you perfectness!"
He smiled at me, and stared with eyes—Oh! not
Like eyes that I once saw, whose grief had plucked
Majesty from despair—his had a strange
Ignorant calm, more full of peace than pain:
Jessie, he is not sorry to lie there;
He never weeps as I wept for him then!
He finds contentment in the gaudy street;
Music in carriage wheels; a houseless home
Among the people; rest in their unrest.
I turned away; but, looking once again,
Saw how the sun rained fire upon his head.
The wan face drooped on the half-covered breast—
His eyelids closed. I thought that he was dead.
He was but sleeping—velvet-footed Sleep,
Threading his way amid the crowds and din,
Had taken him tenderly and laid him in
The cradle quietness. Stretched on the ground
I left *him* without weeping, who had found
Infinite pity above him and around.

BURTON ON DU CHAILLU AND GORILLAS.

CAPTAIN BURTON has written a letter, as follows, which we find in the London *Critic:*

SIR,—Arriving—*nolens*, not *volens*—in this unpleasant land by the last West African mail, I was astonished to find in your columns my name cited by a private correspondent, and passages from one of my private letters quoted to the detriment of M. Paul du Chaillu. As this is hardly fair in the writer, perhaps you will allow me room for a few lines of explanation.

M. du Chaillu and I differ upon many points. He may be right, or *vice versâ*, but that is still a question. Unwilling, however, to trouble your readers with a discussion touching particulars, I will briefly state that, after a residence of about three weeks in the Gaboon country, during which I walked to Cape Lopez, and explored the south-eastern fork of the river beyond any former traveler, my opinion of M. du Chaillu's book is higher than it was before visiting the land of the gorilla.

The Mponge natives give "Mpolo"—*i. e.*, the "big man," their corruption of M. Paul's name—the highest character as a chasseur. No one, save the jealous European, doubts his having shot the great anthropoid (mind, I modestly disbelieve in the danger), and surely it is something for this sportsman to have succeeded when three Englishmen—Mr. Levison, Mr. Winwood Reade, and myself—have failed.

And with thanks for your kindness, and with a solemn promise, under any and all circumstances, to be deaf and dumb upon the "gorilla controversy" until I do bag a gorilla or two, I subscribe myself, Sir, your obedient servant,

RICHD. F. BURTON, F.R.G.S.

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Head-Quarters Army of the Potomac, Jan. 9, 1863.

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